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THE FACE OF AMERICA

WASHINGTON

NERVE CENTER

BY

EDWIN ROSSKAM

CO-EDITOR

RUBY A BLACK

with an introduction by

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	
BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT	5
AUTHOR'S PREFACE	7
WHAT IS WASHINGTON	11
GRAND RUBBERNECK TOUR	27
THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT	30
THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL	34
ARLINGTON	36
MOUNT VERNON	38
WE THE PEOPLE	42
OBSTETRICIANS OF THE LAW	44
THE LAST WORD	52
THE HOUSE OF PRESIDENTS	56
THAT THE LAWS BE FAITHFULLY EXECUTED	66
THE LAND	70
CONSERVATION	72
USE	82
MORE AND BETTER	84
TOO MUCH	88
CHAOS SEEKS ORDER	90
THE COUNTRY'S BUSINESS	92
SYMBOL OF A SYMBOL	96
MEASURES OF REALITY	98
YOURS TRULY	100

GROWING PAINS	102
THE PEOPLE	106
THE MAN IN THE STREET	108
THE FIRST STEP	110
HUNGER OVER AMERICA	114
RENOVATION	116
INDIANS	122
POSSESSIONS	123
NEW HOMES FOR OLD	124
WAR ON THE SHACK	126
LABOR	128
SOCIAL SECURITY	130
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS	132
INSURANCE	138
PENCILS AND PAYROLLS	140
THE TECHNICAL SIDE	143

INTRODUCTION

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Mr Hendrik Van Loon recently wrote that "Autocracy is the result of bad Democracy " The only safeguards that the people have in a Democracy are education and a real knowledge of their government This book will be a guide to the sights of Washington, D C , but, I hope, it will be a guide in a new sense of the word also —a book to guide those who visit this city on the path of better citizenship through a knowledge of their government

The study of our national government is best begun in Washington Here the buildings stand as symbols of the work which is done throughout the country and the three main departments of government are busy deciding on the policies which are carried out throughout the country as a result of the activities flowing out from the various Washington public buildings

The average visitor to the City thinks, however, only of the work done in the City of Washington itself, therefore he does not get the connection between this City and the nation as a whole

This book tries to depict the activities of government as they affect the human beings throughout the country. For instance, the work done by the Home Economics Department of the Department of Agriculture reaches out into the homes of the families from Maryland to California Because of a lack of knowledge on the part of the average citizen of much that should be available to him of help in daily living, many people still remain blind to the way the government functions

Modern developments have tended to make us visual minded The pictures in this book I hope, will arrest the interest of many citizens, bring them to a study of what is really accomplished, not in Washington alone, but throughout the nation by the work which starts in any one of these Washington Departments.

I have seen forestry work and soil erosion work out in the State of Oregon which drew its

inspiration and its knowledge, even its direction, from the City of Washington, although fully cooperating with the government officials of the State and city

We are concerned today about the development of the individual as a democrat—(I use the word democrat in no partisan sense)—by realizing that Democracy lives only because more and more individual democrats exist. It is a big responsibility in this country that we carry, and so many of us are unaware of how important we are as individuals, not to ourselves alone, but to the world as a whole. We have to discover the answer to the economic problems brought about by our modern inventions and the new conditions under which we live. We have to find ways for bringing peace to a war-torn world. If we do not, our civilization will go the way of many civilizations of the past. Hence, the responsibility to develop individual democrats, and I hail this book as a step forward in this educative process

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The technique of this book-series is based on the clean cut definition of the role of two media—the word and the image. We have been accustomed to think of the photograph as an illustration to a text, or as a subject explained by a caption. Both methods are used in these books, where clarity demands them. In general, word and picture are intended to supplement each other. The ideal is that they should never overlap, but, running parallel, should add up by saying what is to be said in the most direct way. These are books without word pictures and—to the extent I have been able to make them so—without literary photographs.

A small change in approach engenders new problems of style. In this case the unit of workmanship is altered. It is neither the writer's paragraph nor the pictorialist's composed rectangle. The new unit is the double-page spread. Within this limit the component parts function relatively. Picture can help picture, picture can laugh at picture, picture can contrast with picture. According to space and placement, text and pictures can rise and fall in importance, work toward climaxes over a series of pages and, most essential, can speak more briefly and more to the point.

Lay-out becomes master. The story to be told is first dissected into those phases best translated by pictorial means and those best conveyed in writing. Then, and only then, pictures are either made or bought to fit and copy is written to fit. Thus, page composition—not picture composition or written composition, which are both subordinate—is the plastic structure of this form.

I have tried to avoid all tricks. In this connection I owe a great debt to George Salter who had to bring to bear all the prestige and experience of an exceptional book designer to prevent me from introducing the flashy lay-out technique of magazines into a book series where it would have been out of place. If these books are readable, both in word and picture, a lot of the credit must go to him.

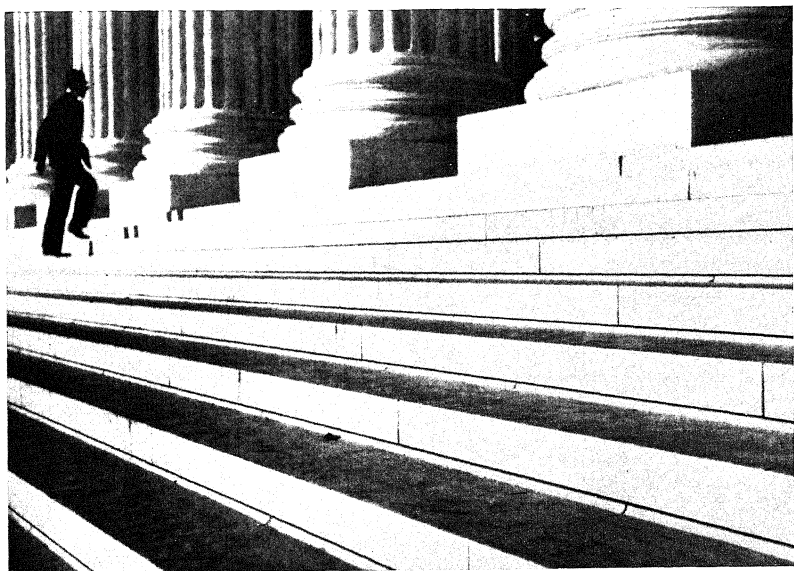
If this particular book is accurate, my co-editor Ruby A. Black is largely responsible. I have never known a person who knew more about her bailiwick than Miss Black knows about Washington. She guided me to the small but all-important points where a picture could be made or a bit of information found, to add a touch of lightness in the treatment of a subject which might well have turned out ponderous, a living encyclopedia, she was always ready to prevent major mistakes.

My thanks also to the many information bureaus in the federal government who bore so patiently with my insistent questioning, to the editors of government picture files who so generously supplied me with material and help. Mr. Roy Stryker of the Farm Security Administration and Mr. Paul Ellerbe of W. P. A. really went out of their way to give us time, information and pictures.

And, of course, as always in any of these books, thanks must go to my wife who worked her head off, photographing with me, gathering material, developing, printing and advising.

WASHINGTON

NERVE CENTER



WHAT IS WASHINGTON

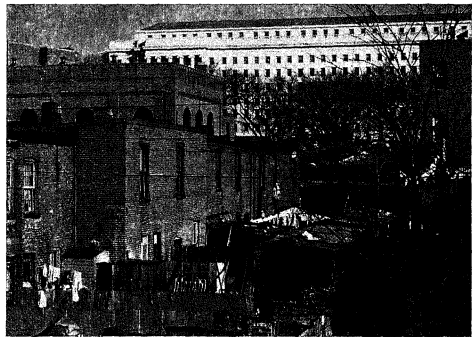
It takes a young nation to build itself a symbol, as solemn and as irrelevant as the interminable perspectives of marble columns we made for ourselves. In and around its official center, Washington looks like the full scale model of a capital: a design concocted out of the memories of Athens, Rome and Paris, with wide flights of marble steps, stern marble fronts, cornices and friezes.

Unlike Paris or London, which were cities first and grew to be capitals under the slow pressure of history, Washington became a city because, by law, it was designated as the seat of the government. Inevitably it developed, in appearance at least, into a contradiction of everything the lusty nation really was. We erected austere, quasi-Greek temples to house our delegated powers. And we continue to do so. In a country of vertical cities we keep the capital strictly horizontal; our government buildings are sky-scrapers lying down.

There is much of charm and beauty in Washington. The general feeling is one of activity within repose. The avenues are spacious, the parks lovely. But there is one outstanding fact which strikes you from the very beginning: the place where every thread of our national life converges, looks like nothing else we ever built to use.



W _____



Bothstein from F.S.A.

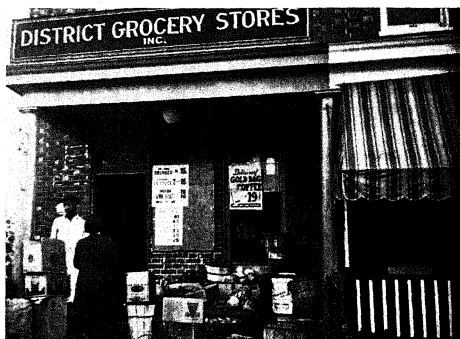
If you were suddenly dropped at the corner of 8th and F Streets, you might be in any one of four places. The city is divided into

four quadrants, Northwest, Southwest, Southeast, and Northeast, by two imaginary lines running through the Capitol from the North to the South and from the East to the West.

The North-and-South streets are numbered, the East-and-West streets lettered—going in each direction from the Capitol, which explains why you have to put N.W. or S.E. on the address of your letter to Washington. Simple, you think?

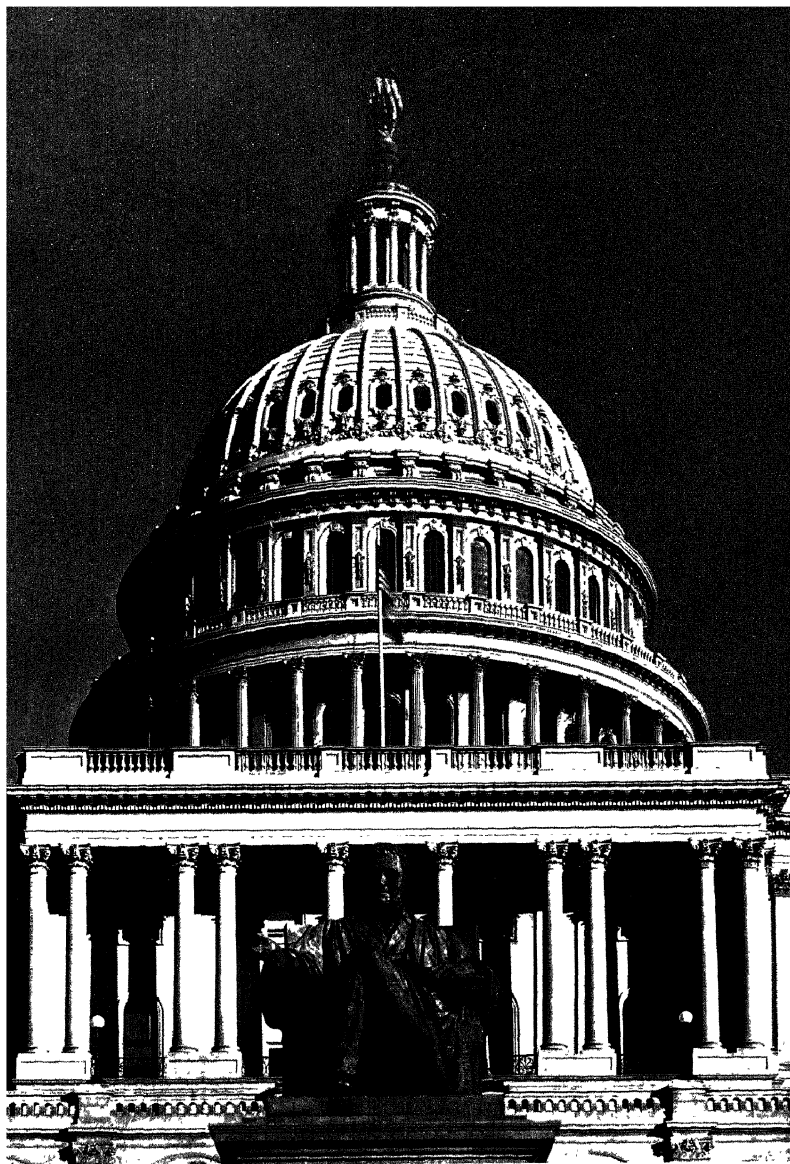
Wait till you try to find your way around the avenues and circles. They run every which way and are beyond the ken of man with the exception of taxi drivers.

We forgot to mention that, at the point where the alphabet peters out before the city,

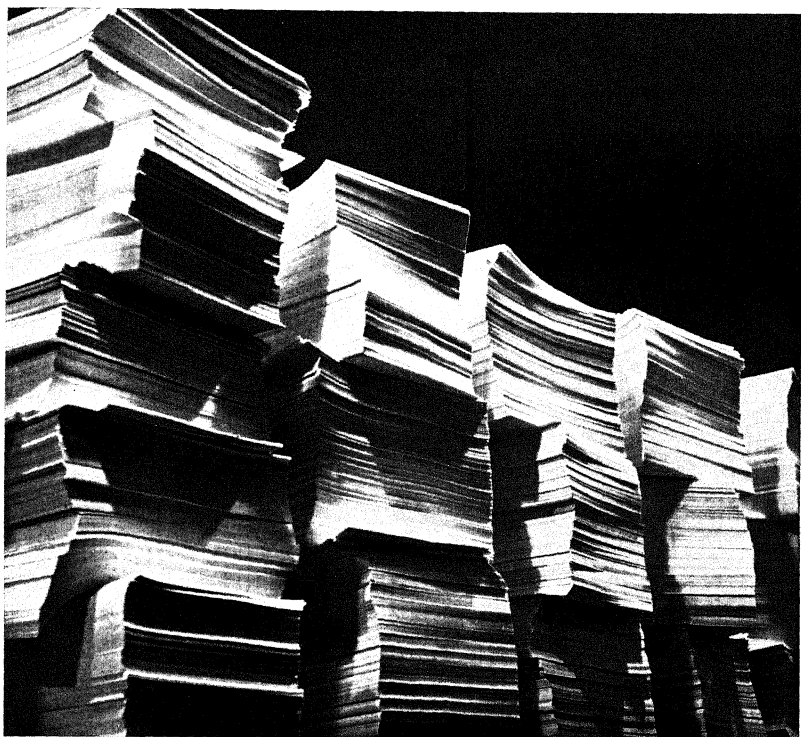


the two-syllabled street names begin (alphabetically), and where that isn't enough, we run (alphabetically) into three-syllabled streets, and after that it's trees and flowers. So, if you find yourself confronted with Jonquil Street, you'll know you're quite a way from the Capitol, in one direction or another.

The pictures above, used to illustrate the quadrants, are in no way comprehensive. Each section has its slums, its middle and upper class regions. However, the Northwest is the embassy and residential quarter, the Southwest does contain some of the worst slums, and the Northeast and Southeast are by and large between the two.



Rothstein from FS



Other cities produce steel or automobiles or textiles. Washington produces an abstraction more potent than all three: Little words on paper that have behind them the strength of the law, the will of a people to govern itself.

During the year of 1936 the government printing office printed over two billion book pages and almost five billion copies of job work, which does not take into account such incidentals as post cards and money order forms or the tremendous amount of processed work put out by the various government units. Annual purchases of typewriter ribbons total six hundred and fifty thousand.





\$10,000 a year
and over

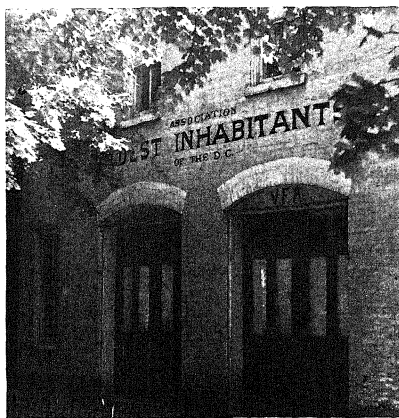


\$5,000 a year

The Federal Government is the destiny of Washington, D. C. Here almost everybody either works for the government, depends on somebody who works for the government, works for somebody who works for the government, or is trying to sell something to somebody who works for the government.



\$1,500 a year
and under



THE ASSOCIATION OF OLDEST
INHABITANTS—BY ACT OF
CONGRESS IN A DESERTED
FIREHOUSE

There are, of course, the “cliff-dwellers,” those original Washingtonian socialites who are so genuine that, like the British Crown Jewels or the Cabots of Boston, they are taken on faith rather than on sight; there is the diplomatic corps and the Ambassadorial set. There is the White House, the Senate, the House of Representatives and the Supreme Court, which contain men who, for the duration of their terms, *are* the government rather than its employees. There is the press. There is the vast army of Legislative Counselors, vulgarly called lobbyists. There are the left-overs of former administrations, with a sprinkling of official widows, aging in a dignified struggle against boredom throughout the apartment barracks of the Northwest. And there are the tides of job seekers.

All of them are important to the picture of Washington, but only in their own, limited spheres. The color of the city, in all its restrained pastel, is created by the nameless horde with civil service rating.

The average government clerk is the average white-collar office worker, minus the latter's early ambition to become a bank president, and minus his fear of losing his job. His salary is nothing to write home about—somewhere around \$1,500 a year; but he is secure even in his old age. His work is routine, but a month's annual vacation and sick leave help.

Most likely he comes from a small town and brings his tastes with him, which accounts for some of the provincial aspects of our cosmopolitan capital—there isn't a really first-rate opera and only one legitimate, part-time theater in the city, while movies, night schools, and gyms are all over the place.



NIGHT SCHOOL



There are about 116,000 of him in Washington, and with his dependents he makes up more than one half of the city's population. No wonder that he—or she, which he's very apt to be—brings about some very strange averages.

Washington has more boarding houses and bath-sharing apartments than any other city of comparable size. (He must be ready to move to Dakota or the wilds of Vermont on short notice; he's a public servant, a piece on a chess board.)

Washington has the highest average income in the country. (He can't be a pauper, and on his salary, he can't become a millionaire.)

Washington has the highest cost of living in the country. (He is not subject to depressions. National unemployment affects him not at all; if anything it increases his numbers

—relief means paper work.)

Washington has the highest number of "pleasure cars" per capita for any city of its size in the U. S. A. (With his assured income he's an excellent risk for time payments. A car means freedom after 4:30, freedom to go to Maryland beaches and Virginia mountains, freedom from the confinement of the office and the boarding house, freedom . . . you can see him—and her—any warm night, parked in long rows at Hains Point.)

This is a funny kind of a town.



GOVERNMENT SPREAD



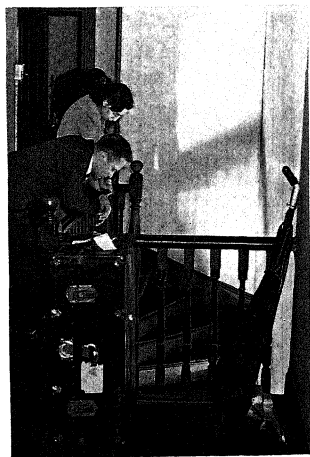
ROOMS AND BOARD

The brownstone fronts of Washington boarding houses still make a pretense at gentility. They remember the time when they were residences. As often as not, the "room and board" signs are tucked unobtrusively into the corner of a front window beneath a chronic cataract of dust and before net curtains which could be cleaner.

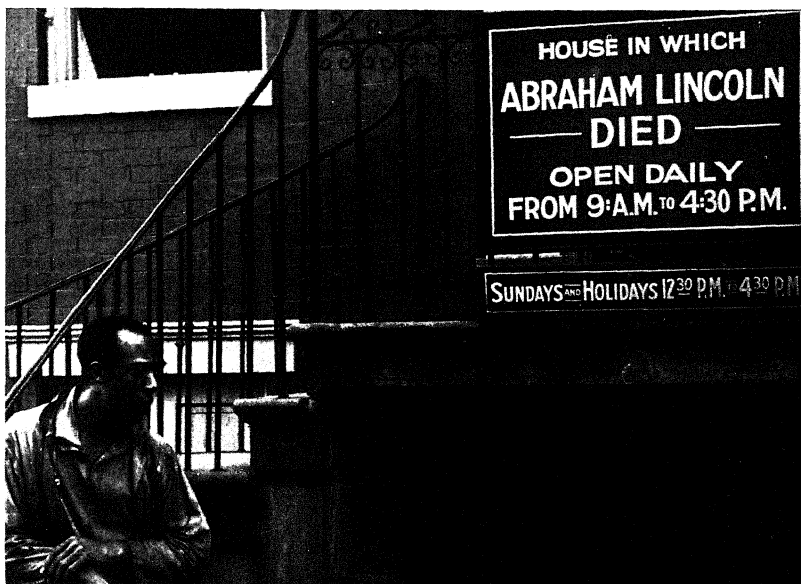
The interior of these houses is the triumph of the average. The same food smells perfumed with mouth-wash, the same dreary halls with the same shredded carpets worn in front of the bathroom door, the same brownish paint spotted in the same places along the staircase—and a hundred other samenesses have wiped the face off these houses and made them barracks.

The thousands of boarders come and go. To themselves they may be individuals; to the houses they are an ebb and tide—nameless but for a register known only to the landlady. Nothing new can happen in a Washington boarding house. Everything has happened and will happen again.

For thirty dollars a month and up the government worker gets a place to sleep and two meals a day. His room is as impersonal as his job; his very furniture looks at him with that weary scepticism which comes from being touched by too many hands, from being intimate with too many privacies.







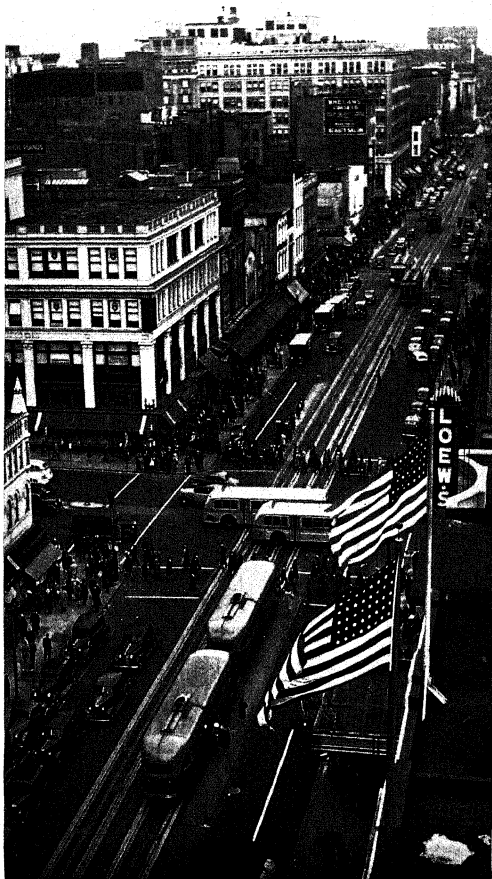
Vachon from F.S.A.

There are no Jim Crow cars in Washington. With this exception, our national capital, in its treatment of the Negro, must be counted as part of the South. The problem cannot be passed over—it involves one quarter of the city's population.

Socially and economically the Negro finds a wall against him. His average income as a government worker is one-third lower than that of the white man. Outside the government he can find only menial jobs,—if any. Unemployment strikes the Negro first. He lives in areas restricted by prejudice, largely in slums which are often shamefully near to the National Capitol.

His upper class,—and there is a considerable one,—has its own sections throughout the city. Under the pressure of segregation, he has built his own social life, his own societies, his own University. His is a separate Washington.

ARTERIES

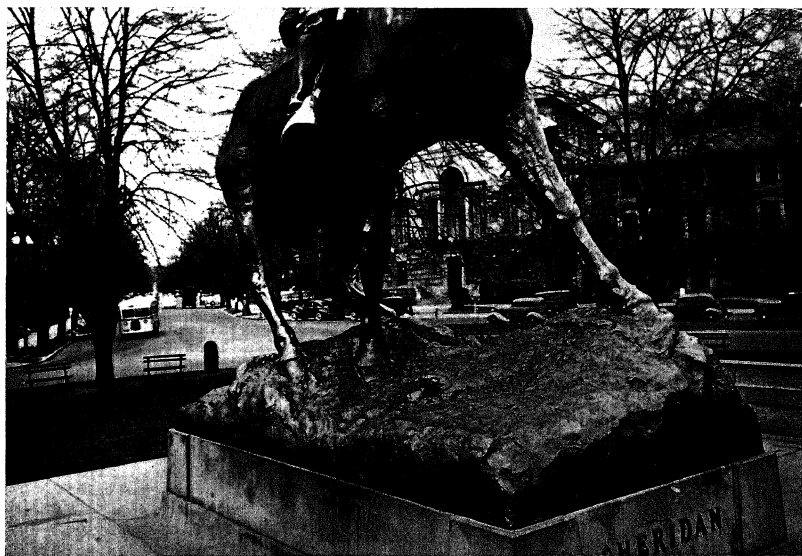


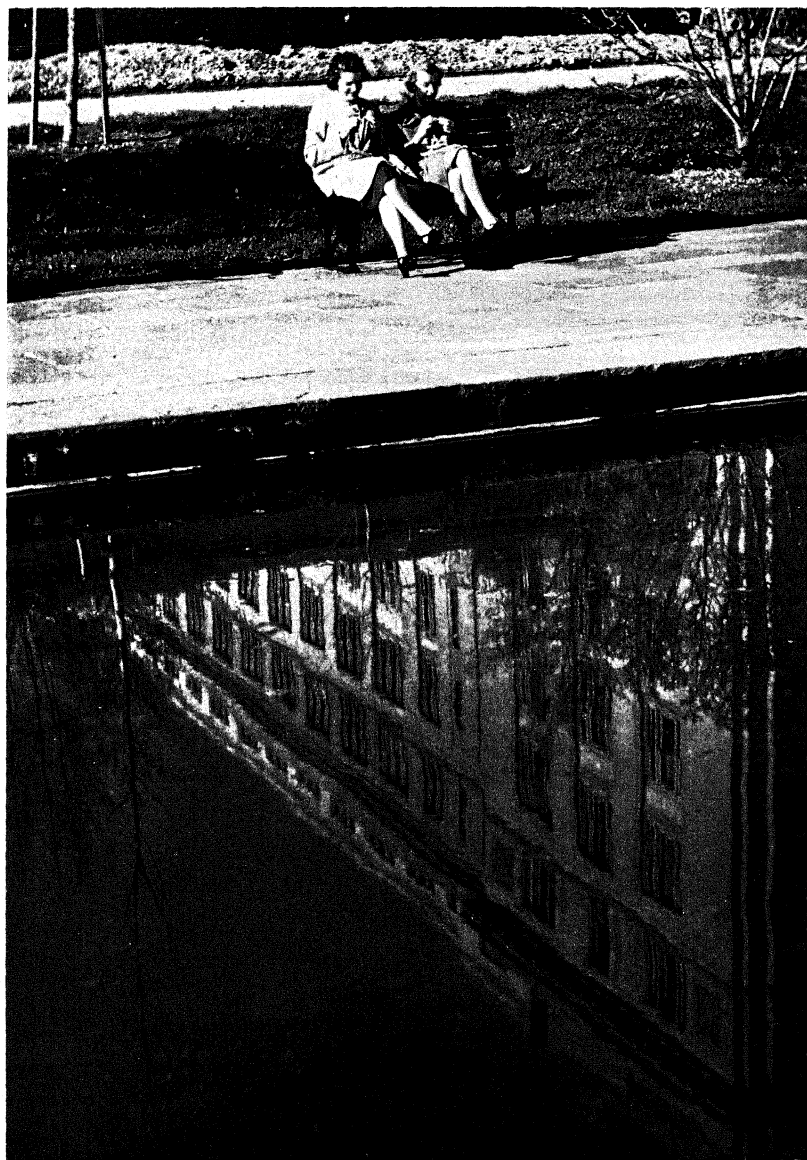
There are two kinds of Washington: the dignified capital, and the city of the morning and afternoon migrations; the madhouse of the last or the fifteenth of the month, and the town of leisurely weeks.

On all days with the exception of the last and fifteenth and at all hours with the exception of nine and four-thirty this is a quiet place, rather somnolent, with spacious avenues that seem incapable of hurry or congestion. Children play around the monuments in the green circles. Pedestrians wait for traffic lights, even the taxis drive reasonably.

At four-thirty the city gets high blood pressure. The avenues, which seemed so broad before, are blocked with cars, fender to fender. One-way streets change direction. Parking becomes impossible.

Twice a month, on the last and the fifteenth, 116,000 wage earners draw their pay. On these days 116,000 checks are cashed, and 116,000 wolves descend on Washington's business establishments. The effect is something like a tornado. The stores take two weeks to recuperate.





SEE
WASHINGTON



GRAND
RUBBERNECK
TOUR



Two million tourists a year come to Washington to wear out their feet on pavements, their sit-me-downs in sight-seeing busses, and to cut off each other's heads in snap-shots taken on the Capitol steps.

They come singly, in couples, in high-school classes, in conventions; they come on bicycles, in jalopies and Cadillacs, with license plates from Maine to Oregon; they come by the busload and by the trainload.

They flow into the city throughout the year. During the spring months they grow into a flood which overflows hotel accommodations.

The signal of the big season is Cherry Blossom Week.





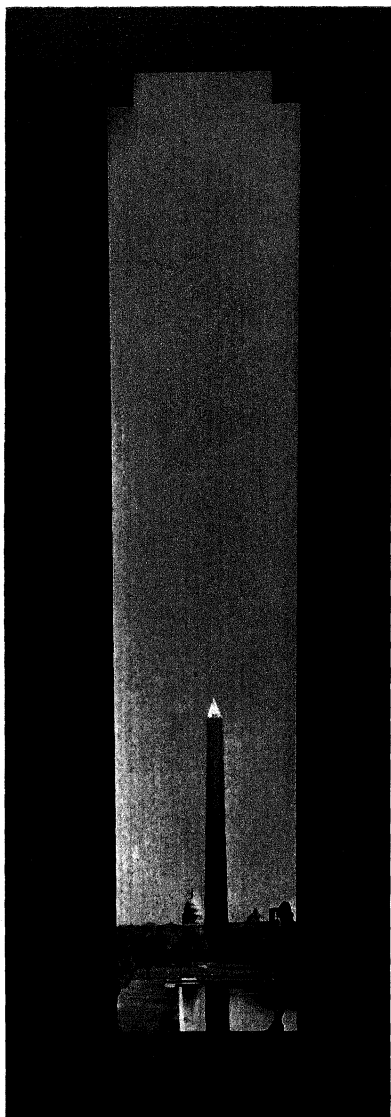
*The studio couch has sprung a spring,
The guest room beds are breaking down,
The borrowed cot is a horrid thing—
There isn't an empty room in town.
And Uncle Robert and Cousin Ruth,
And Bill's old room-mate from Duluth
With his wife and daughter Sarah May,
And our corn-fed kin from Ioway.
Are all arriving tomorrow noon
With more to follow soon,—too soon.*

*For the cherry blossoms are on the
bough*

In the District now.

ANNE MALCOLMSON



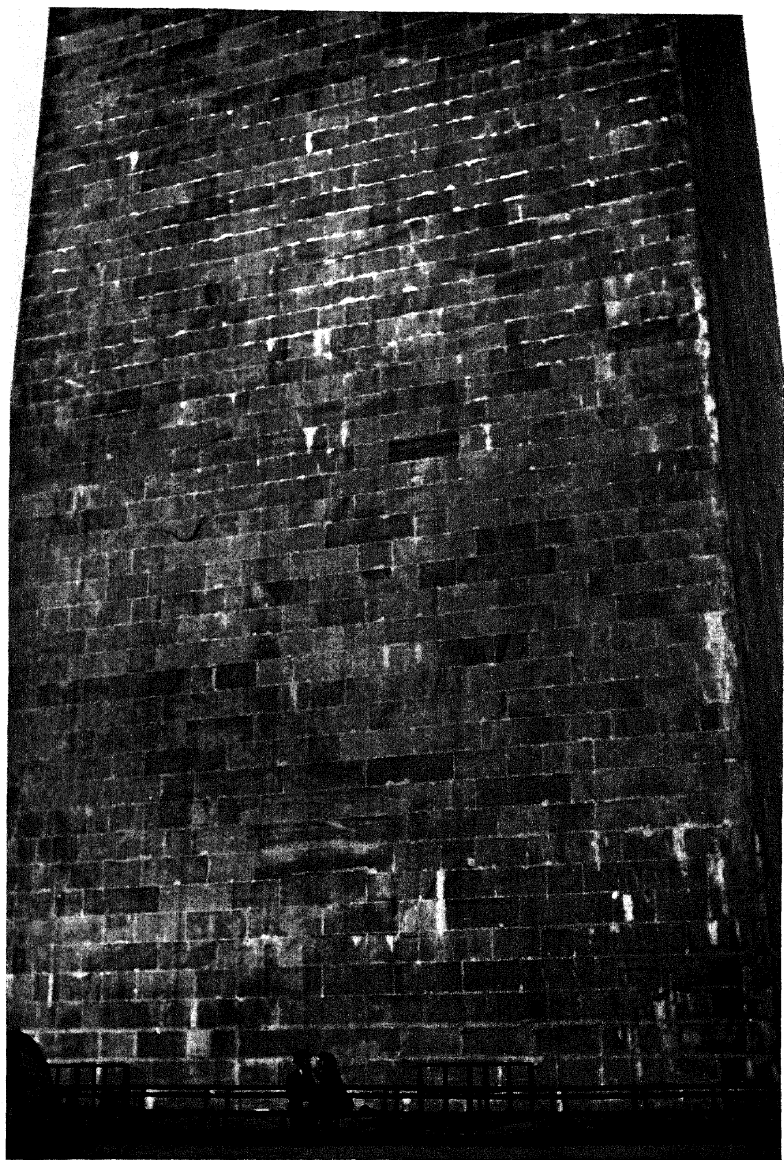


THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

The Washington Monument was conceived in 1783 as an equestrian statue. After much squabbling over appropriations it was finally completed in its present form more than a hundred years later.

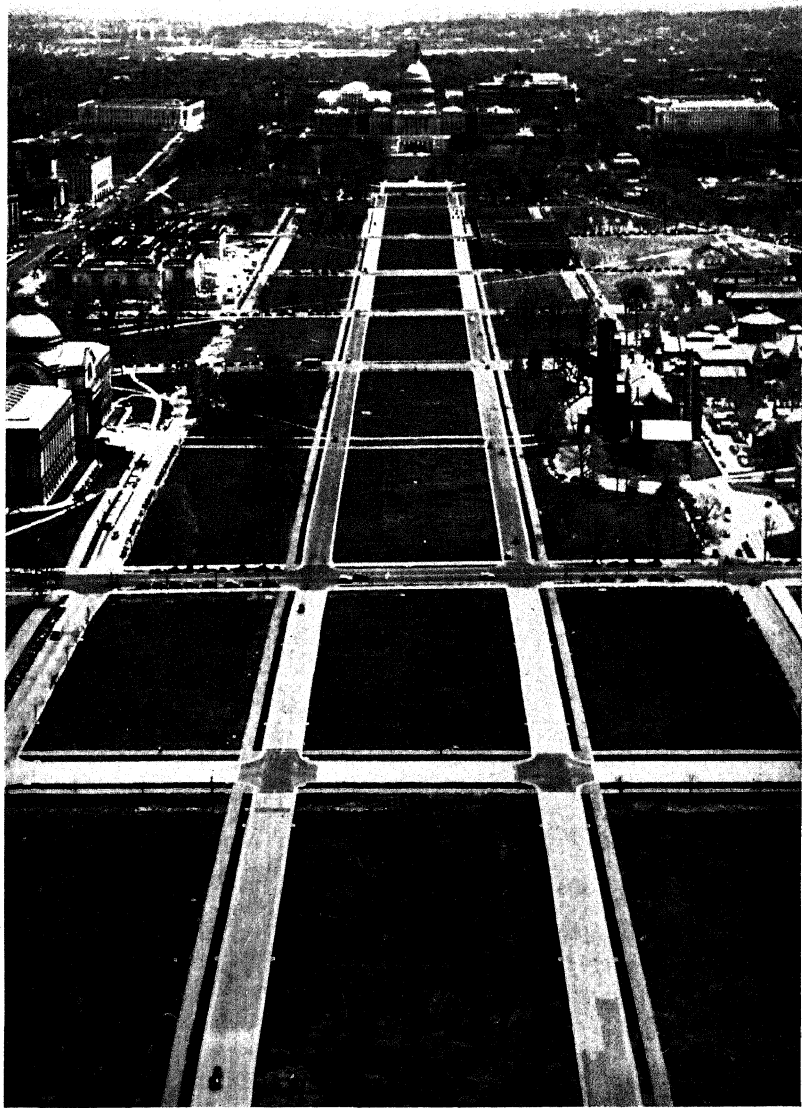
In a city where marble men and bronze horses form a still population of their own, it is a relief to find that the largest monument of all is a simple obelisk. You can see it from any place in town where there is a bit of open sky-line and from many spots in Maryland and Virginia. A rigidly enforced zoning law limits the height of city buildings, out of respect for the Monument. At night the shaft is flood-lighted until the late hours. Afterwards only the tip glows with a reddish glimmer, and the windows look like the eyes of a grim watchman with a hood over his face.

The Monument is 555 feet high. It contains an elevator, but if you're out for exercise you can hike up 898 steps and see 202 blocks carved with inscriptions. They were donated in memory of George Washington by individuals, states of the Union, and foreign powers. The view from the top is comprehensive and shows the plan according to which Major L'Enfant designed the city: broad straight avenues running for miles, radiating across a checkerboard of city blocks, with the green Mall from the Capitol bisecting the city.

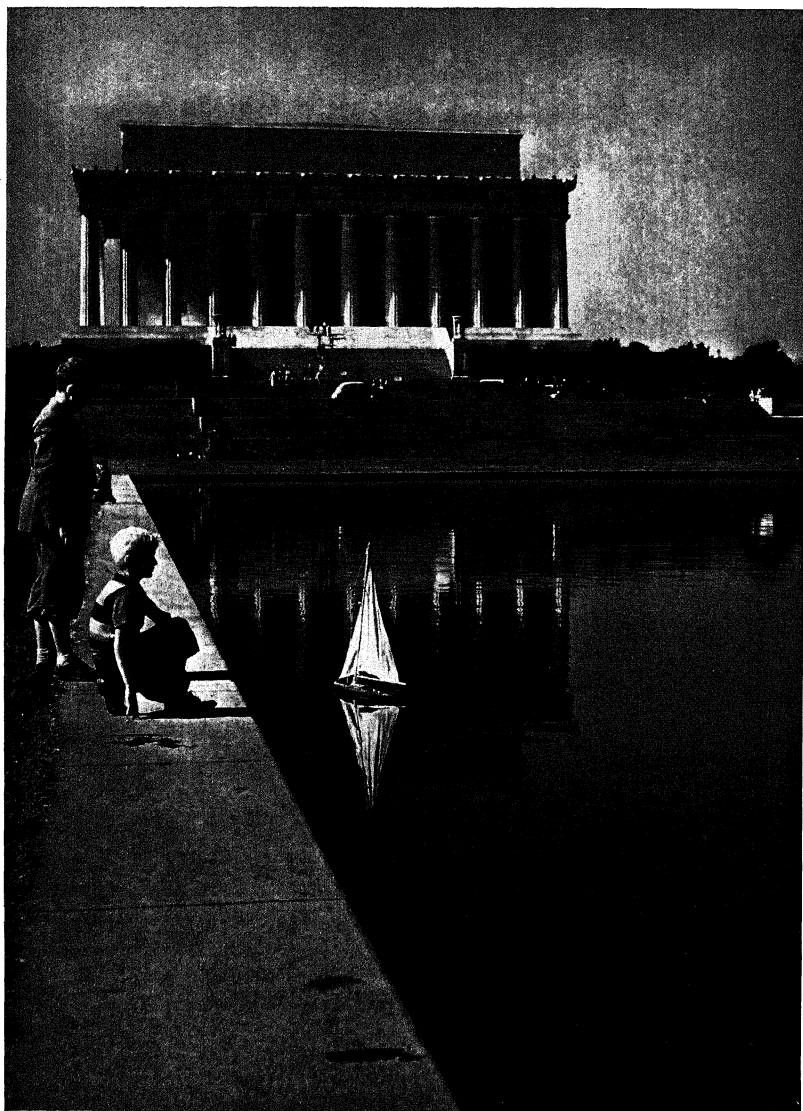




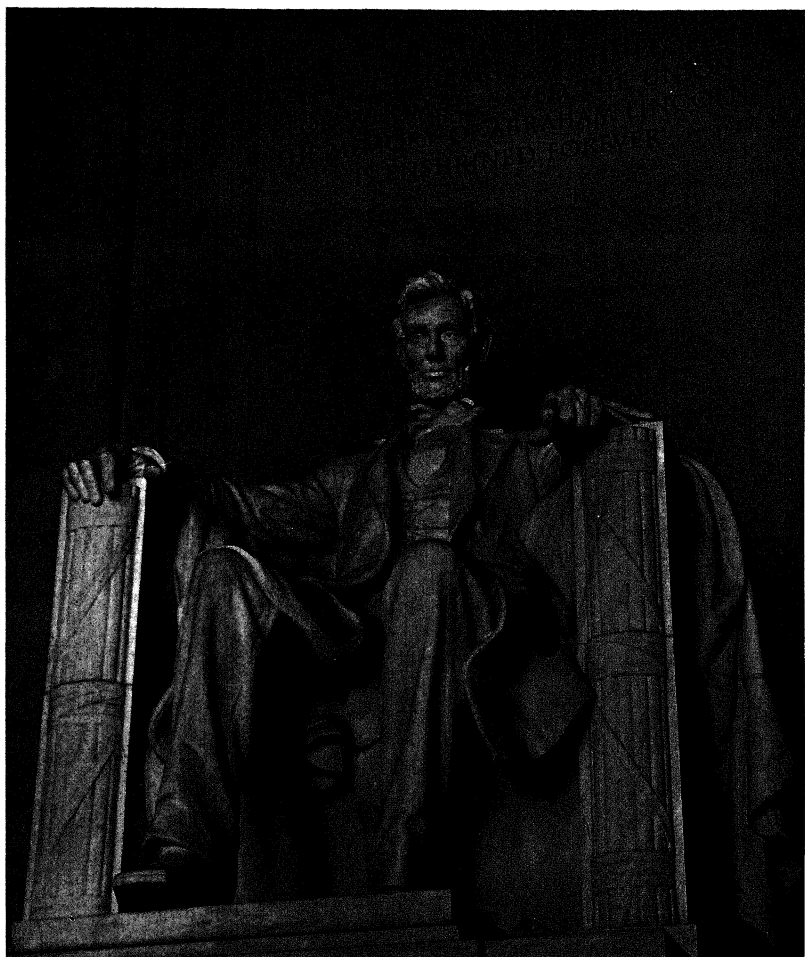
VIEW OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT FROM THE CAPITOL



VIEW OF THE CAPITOL FROM THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT



THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL



The Lincoln Memorial is really impressive: intelligent landscaping of its extensive grounds, together with the beautiful reflecting pool, make this simple temple into a part of its environment. The statue, by Daniel Chester French, has a compelling quality. You are not likely to forget it.



ARLINGTON

In Virginia, across the Memorial Bridge from Washington, is the Arlington National Cemetery. Here some of the dead of our many wars lie on parade. And here, overlooking the Potomac, stands the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Before it a young service man mounts guard. Rifle on shoulder, he marches back and forth, his face blank, in that blank from which all personal volition has been erased, which has been made into a receptacle only for the command received. The sentry is on duty. He still breathes air, his feet still feel the ground: already he is as nameless as the body under the sarcophagus he guards.

Every time a patriotic organization meets in Washington there is a ceremony at the tomb, and a wreath is placed against the white marble. Sometimes there are services of one kind or another in the Greek-style amphitheater which seats 4,000. To the country at large and to the thousands of hushed visitors the tomb is a simple memorial to the horror of modern warfare which not only kills men but robs them of the possession man finds hardest to relinquish: identity.



MOUNT VERNON

Mount Vernon, 15 miles from the Capital, is the former home and estate of George Washington. A small entrance fee takes you into the grounds. You will be one of a stream of sightseers. Mount Vernon is the most popular of all the tourist attractions.

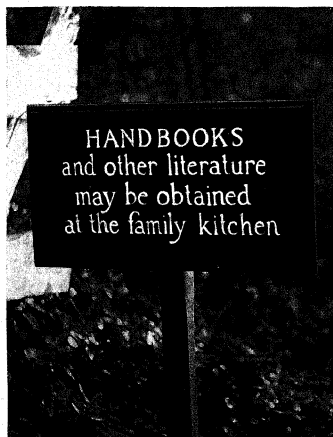
You will get your first view of the main house across the bowling green, a wide expanse of lawn bordered by trees. There's a lot of style to this first glimpse, even if it is from the back. The combined proportions of house and lawn make you realize, right to begin with, that colonial planters knew how to live.

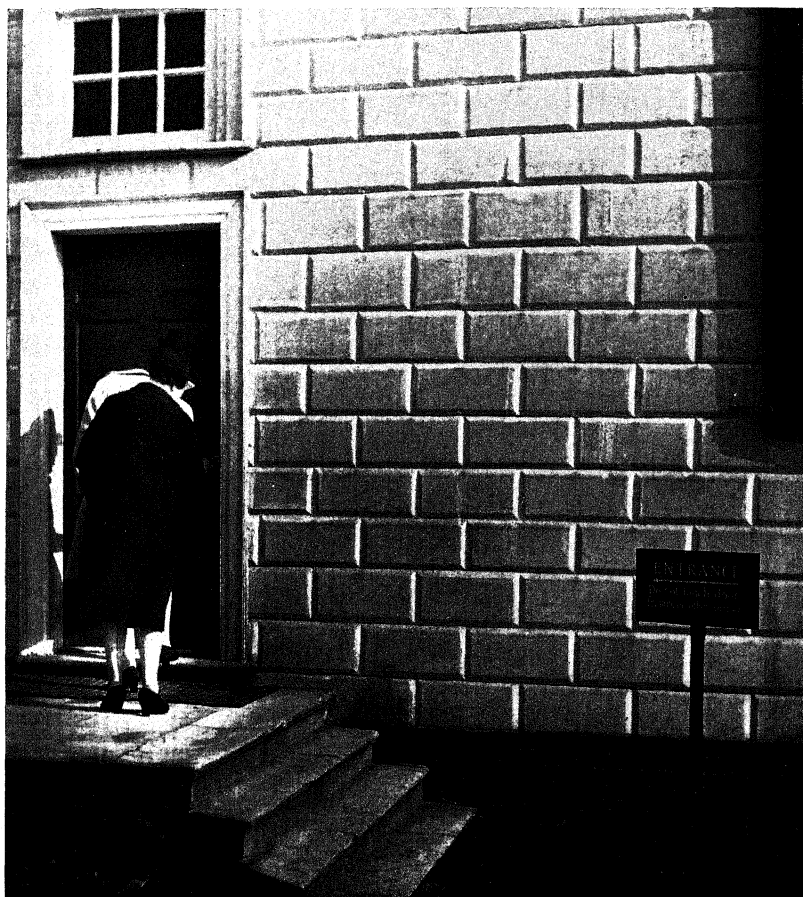




The front of the building looks out on a magnificent vista over a broad curve of the Potomac. The interior of the house contains a lot of the original furniture. More is being added as it can be acquired.

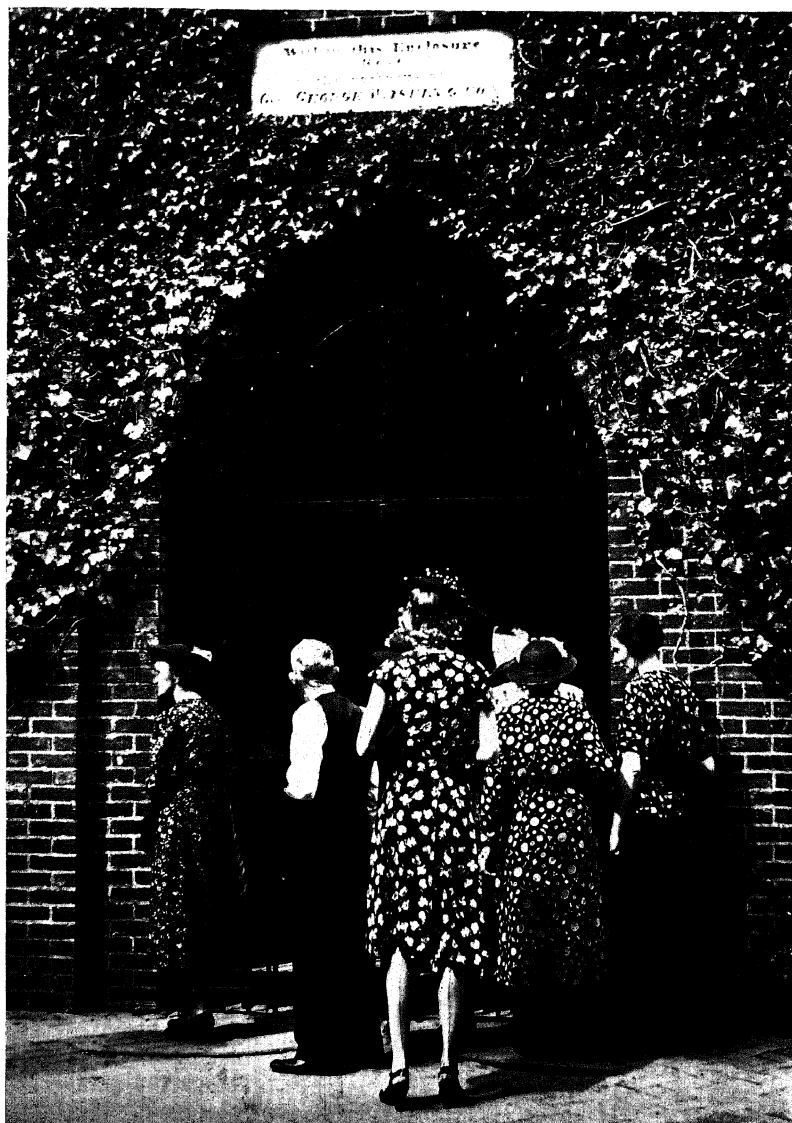
The Mount Vernon Ladies Association, which now manages the property, does its best to keep you informed. As you wander about through the mansion, the kitchen, the smoke house, the spinning house, and past the slave quarters to the tomb, little signs instruct you not only about what you are seeing but about how you should behave while seeing it.



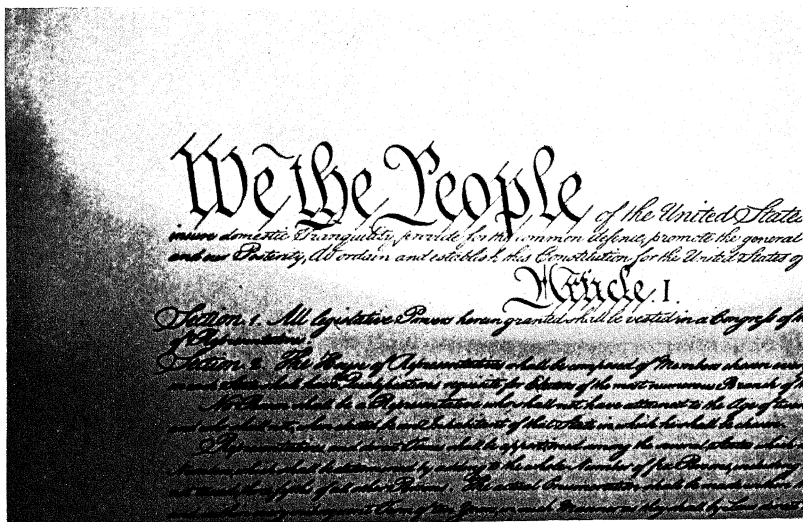


You can enter almost everything at Mount Vernon: in the smoke house you will find hams hanging from the rafters, in the spinning house looms and spinning wheels, in the shed a carriage, and in the main house all kinds of mementos from the original harpsichord of Nelly Custis to the bed in which Lafayette slept.

The tomb is a plain brick structure, overgrown with ivy, containing the remains of George Washington, his wife and several members of his family.



THE TOMB OF GEORGE WASHINGTON



WE THE PEOPLE are the government of the United States. Through Congress, which makes our laws, through the Supreme Court, which interprets them, through the executive departments, which put them into operation and administer them, we rule ourselves.

We consider ourselves a free people. Freedom, however, means different things in different localities and different conditions of life. A free woodsman goes where he pleases. A free writer writes as he pleases.

The freedom of our fathers was, of necessity, unlike our own. The pioneer, cutting his clearing in the forest, was answerable to no man. If he cared to burn the timber on his grant of land, that was his business. There was no neighbor's house to consider and there were always more trees to the West.

His was the individualist's conception of freedom.

Today our continent has shrunk to a plane's hop, the Pacific has put a period to the chapter of expansion, and the state of the California fruit crop affects the Jersey farmer. Our country has grown so small and the nation so large, that, more and more, the actions of one man are felt immediately by another.

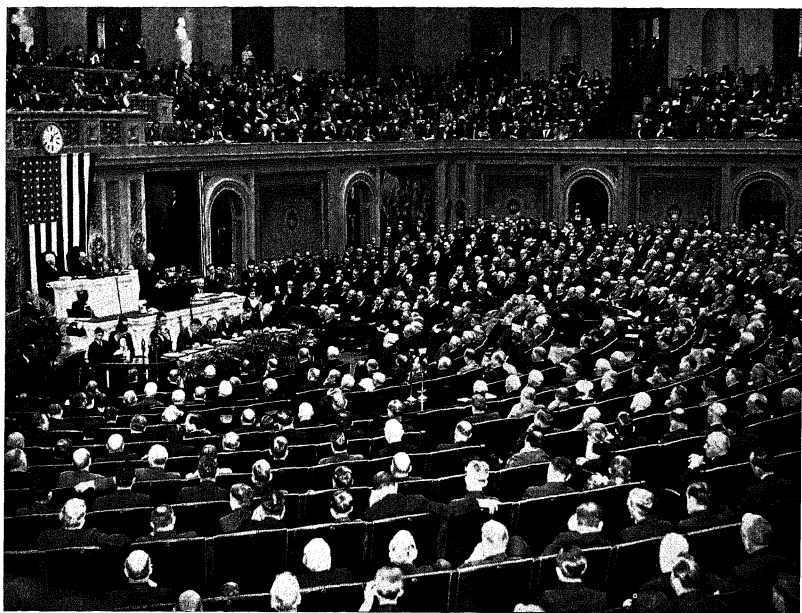
Ours becomes the democratic conception of freedom.

The average American grows conscious of the federal government when it reaches into his pocket to take money out or put money in, when a new post office is built or a law is passed which directly concerns his way of making a living. Crop control means little to a Pittsburgh steel worker, the Securities and Exchange Commission leaves a Texas farmer cold. But, in the long run, they must both be affected where they feel it most,—in the price they pay for what they buy and the price they receive for what they have to sell.

The average American has no conception of the gigantic task upon the shoulders of the man his vote sends to Washington to further the interests not only of one little section of the country but of the nation as a whole, to keep balance in the economy of a land bigger than Europe, with a more varied climate, more varied resources and a more varied population, to alleviate misery and poverty and unemployment, to limit, as much as possible, the recurrence of crises, to build up the land and the people toward a better rather than a worse future. The average American has no conception of the incredibly intricate machinery needed to put into effect a single act of Congress. Even if, as a tourist, he has seen the government buildings spewing forth more workers from one entrance than many a small town has inhabitants, he is in no position to evaluate the size of the job. He cannot know the papers that must travel from office to office through endless corridors, the employees that must be trusted, the orders that must be sent out after first passing through legal departments. He is not likely to have seen the forever growing files.

At home he watches a ditch dug, a fire-break chopped out of his woods, and he guesses vaguely that Washington has a hand in it. What he will find hard to realize from his vantage point, is that our nation has arrived at a stage where any government must think and act not only in terms of a greater breadth but also in terms of the longer view. Because our country was new and expanding and the earth in it was fresh, we were able to face our problems as they came to us, in the light of their immediate solution.

This is no longer sufficient. Too much of our land has run down the rivers and blown away on the wind. Too many of our people have been undermined by discouragement, lack of opportunity, and lack of work. We are learning to re-time our plans. Instead of thinking only as far as the next election, we are beginning to look toward the next generation. Washington is the hub of the national wheel. Into it pour the requests and the demands, from it radiate our national activities. We used to have a lot of capitals: New York, Chicago, San Francisco and others. Washington had to go to them to get things done. The depression has changed all this. For good or bad, according to your lights, the nation's authority has been centralized in this city.



Acme Photo

OBSTETRICIANS OF THE LAW, MASTERS OF THE POCKET-BOOK

In the Capitol of the United States, on Capitol Hill, 96 Senators sit in solemn conclave (at \$10,000 a year and perquisites) separated by 95 feet and 8 inches of rotunda, several halls and any number of statues, from 435 not quite so solemn representatives (at \$10,000 a year and not quite so many perquisites). It is the function of these men to fix the paths of our government and to provide cash and credit—the fuel of government.

The chambers of the House and of the Senate are the locale where the elected may practise oratory and get their names and their remarks—amended and extended—into the Congressional Record. However, much more important than these stately auditoria, are certain rooms originally designed for the hanging up of cloaks, other rooms which bear the modest name “Committee”; and still other rooms which are not even in the Capitol, hotel rooms, bars and restaurants where a lot of the real business of Washington is transacted over whiskey sodas.

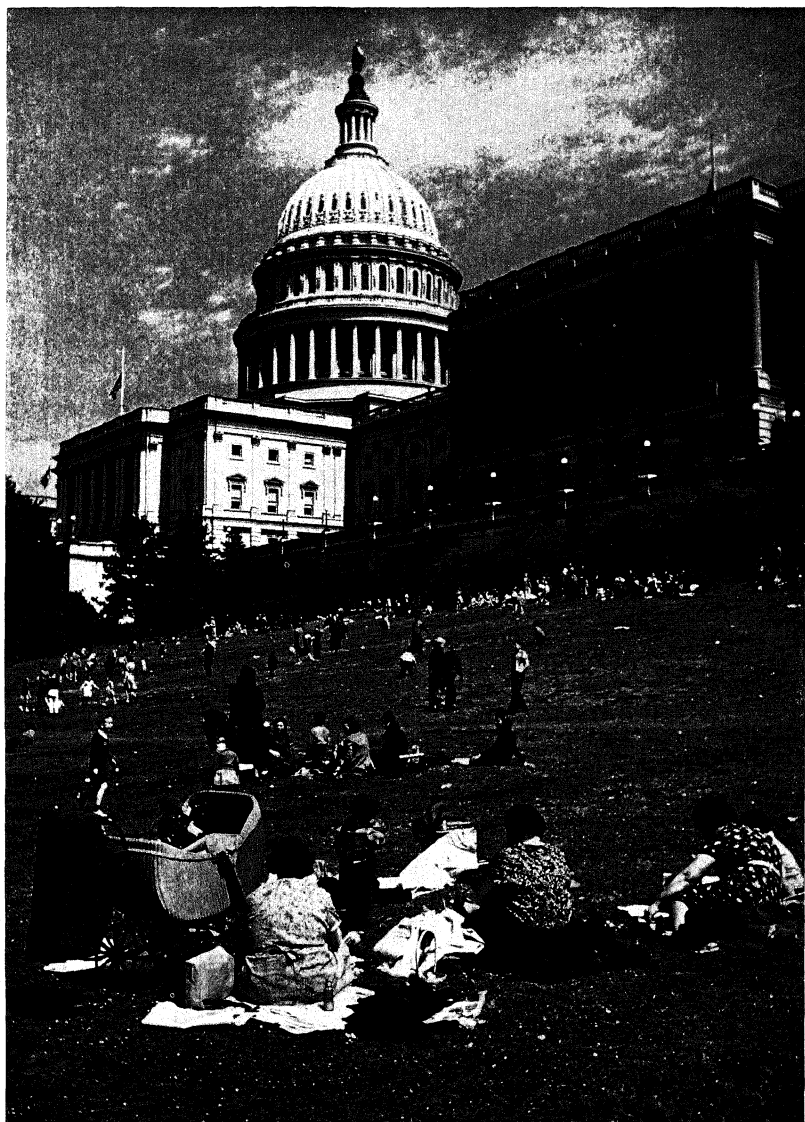
In Washington the democratic right and the democratic necessity of bringing popular pressure upon the men in office, has become the intricate and highly specialized business of professional lobbyists.

A lobbyist is the hired hand of an interest group whose job is to obstruct legislation opposed by his employers and to push legislation proposed by them. He is the stream-lined model of the old time un-sophisticate with the side whiskers, the choker collar and the big cigar, whose unlimited drawing account compensated for a limited vocabulary. Present day methods are usually more subtle and just as effective. The lobbyist now deals in votes. The club he holds over the head of legislators is the ever impending struggle for re-election. His tools include organizations capable of sending out thousands of telegrams, newspapers capable of swaying voters, and more than anything else those intangibles which are most potent in a city where favors are currency.

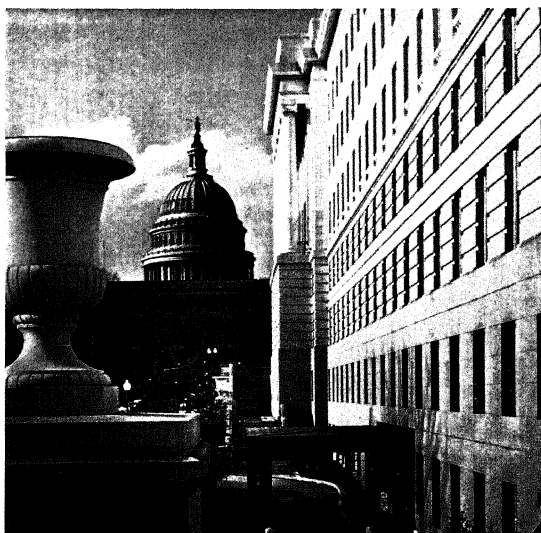
Lobbying, in a democracy, is a necessary form of contact between the elected and his electorate. It depends on the lobbyist and whom he represents: obviously the lobbyist, if he happens to be unscrupulous, can be in a perfect position to hijack both those who hire him and those he is supposed to influence.



SIGNS IN A SINGLE BUILDING, THE NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING



THE CAPITOL: EGG ROLLING DAY



Socially there is a subtle difference between Senators and Representatives. It is just about expressed by their

numerical ratio—four to one. THE NEW HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING AND THE CAPITOL Both are accorded offices; a Senator's quarters are more luxurious. Senators have the privilege of riding in a funny little bug of an open subway car from the Capitol to their office building. Congressmen must walk. Both have staffs; a Senator's staff is the larger.

Every legislator is provided with a suite of rooms where he can receive his constituents, answer his fan mail (that, among other things, is what his staff is for), write his speeches (or have them written), chat, plan his strategy and—if such be his nature—roll logs over a mahogany desk.

There are three office buildings, one for Senators and two for Congressmen. In them, divided piecemeal into the number of its personalities, the future of the nation shapes itself. Here sits Joe Doakes from Lost Corners; from here he issues his pronouncements on the European situation; here he meets, in privacy, with the representative of the National Association of Manufacturers and that man from the C.I.O. And here he receives the all-important communications from the home town political machine.



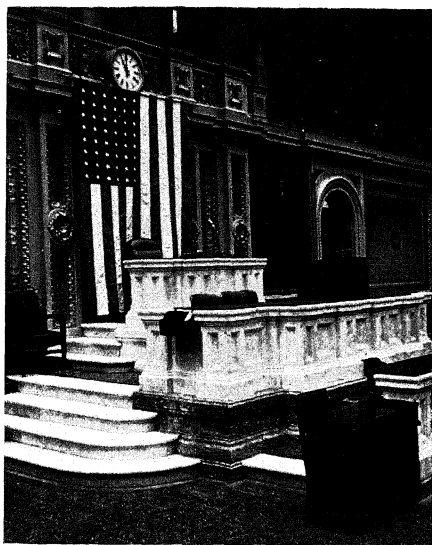
NURSERY OF BILLS

The laws by which you and I must live are conceived outside the Capitol building in the atmosphere of current policy, under the impetus of current needs. Their parents are either the administration or those pressure groups — liberal or conservative — which have most to gain from the legislation and which at the moment are so situated as to be effective. The legislators who introduce the bills are — as they should be in a democracy — only the mechanics of the operation.

No more than 10% of acts and resolutions and bills ever reach the floor of the Senate or the House. Many of them are introduced as political sops to the voters at home, are never intended to be considered; others are reintroduced, over and over again, until under the constant pressure of repetition they gain adherents and finally become law.

In the House a bill is introduced without much fuss: any clerk or page boy simply slips the embryonic law into a brown wooden box at the side of the Speaker's Rostrum. In the Senate there is more pomp and circumstance: the sponsor of the bill must rise to his feet and announce its presentation to the chair and the assembly. With the exception of this difference in procedure the road of Joint Resolution 711 is much the same in both houses. It is bound for committee. Here it may be dismembered and amended out of its original intention. From here it may be reported with recommendations for favorable consideration. Or, here also, it may be killed out-right.

Once out of committee, the bill goes on the floor for discussion. Both houses must pass on it. Before they agree — and they must agree even to the last comma — it is usually sent to Conference, a committee of both houses where it is further battered over the head. When



THE ROSTRUM FOR THE SPEAKER
OF THE HOUSE

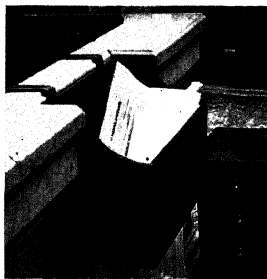


A GAVEL FOR ORDER

it comes out for final passage, it often is a limp and weary replica of its youthful self. By the time the bill reaches the floor after Conference the votes are usually arranged for, the deals are made and the logs are rolled.

The last hurdle is the President's signature. He may veto the bill. If he does so it goes back again and if—the efforts of administration forces notwithstanding—it gets at least a two-thirds majority, it becomes law.

Our law is now born, ready for the pat on the back or a punch in the nose by the Supreme Court.



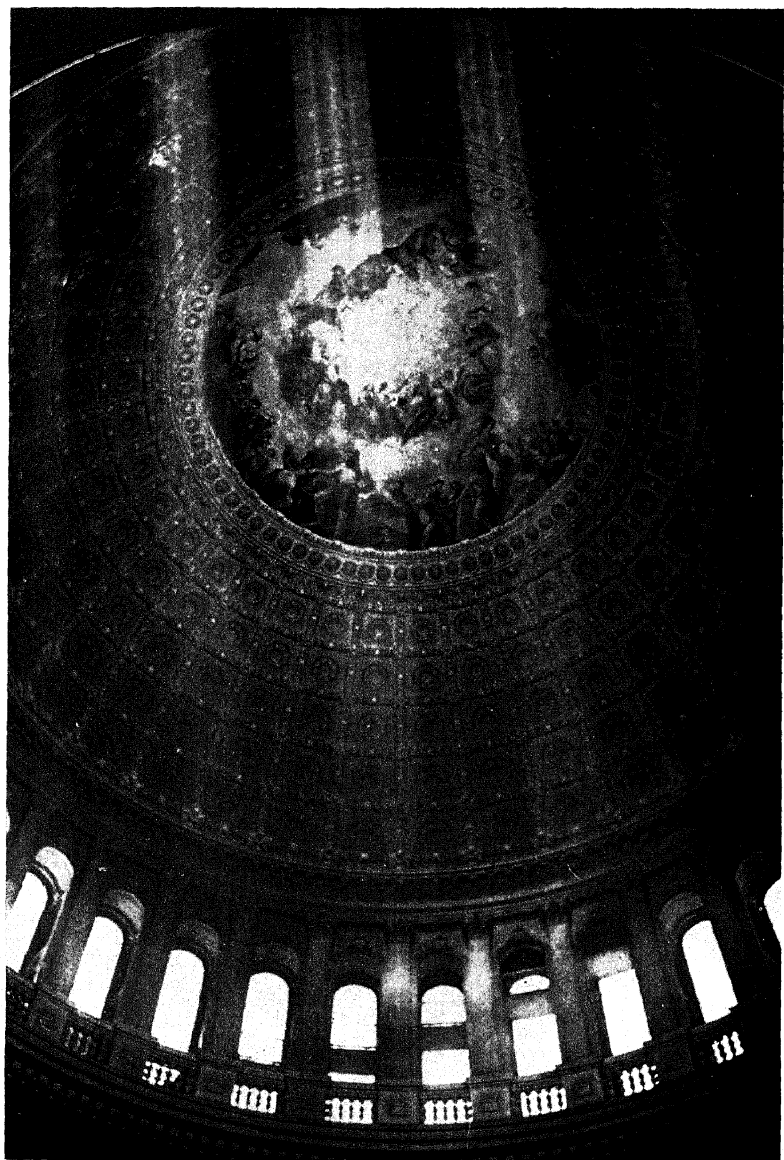
A HOPPER FOR BILLS



A MACE FOR CEREMONY



FOOTNOTE: IN THE SENATE THEY ALSO HAVE SNUFF BOXES





THE ROTUNDA

Millions of people visit the Capitol every year. They crane their necks to see the mural 183 feet above them in the dome. Their footsteps echo and the sibilance of their whispers rides back to them on space. By its very size the rotunda is impressive. In its church-like dimness the many paintings and decorations and statues take on a dignity far greater than they possess.



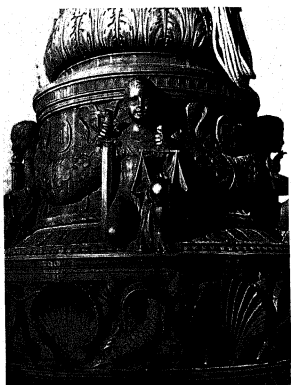
THE LAST WORD

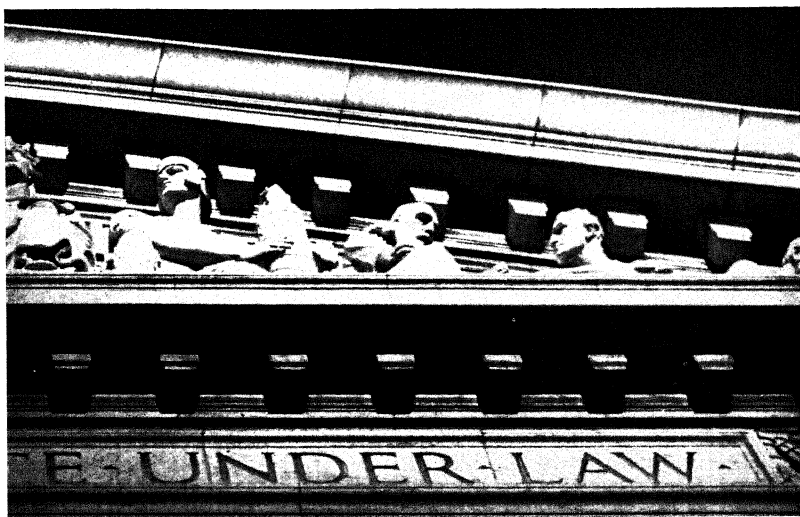
In 1935 the new Supreme Court building was finished. It is the most sternly pure of all the quasi-Greek temples which help to give the city of Washington such a distinct and not quite real face of its own. In the case of the Supreme Court building this architectural harking-back is functional: by its very institution the Supreme Court is a brake, dedicated

to the remembering and reinforcing of precedent, a slower-upper of impetuous majorities in Congress. On the bronze flag-pole in front of the new building, Justice is a lovely child with a large sword and a small scale. It should have been an old man. More appropriate are the many bronze turtles used frequently in the decorative design. Most appropriate is the inscription beneath the frieze:

"Equal Justice under Law."

Notice the redundancy of the word "Equal" coupled with the word "Justice"; it is typical of court language. Can justice be anything but equal?

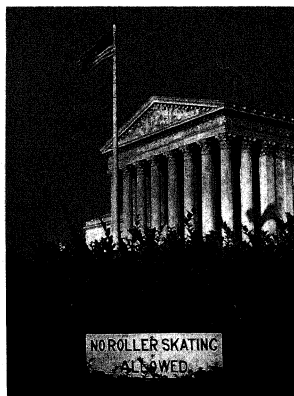


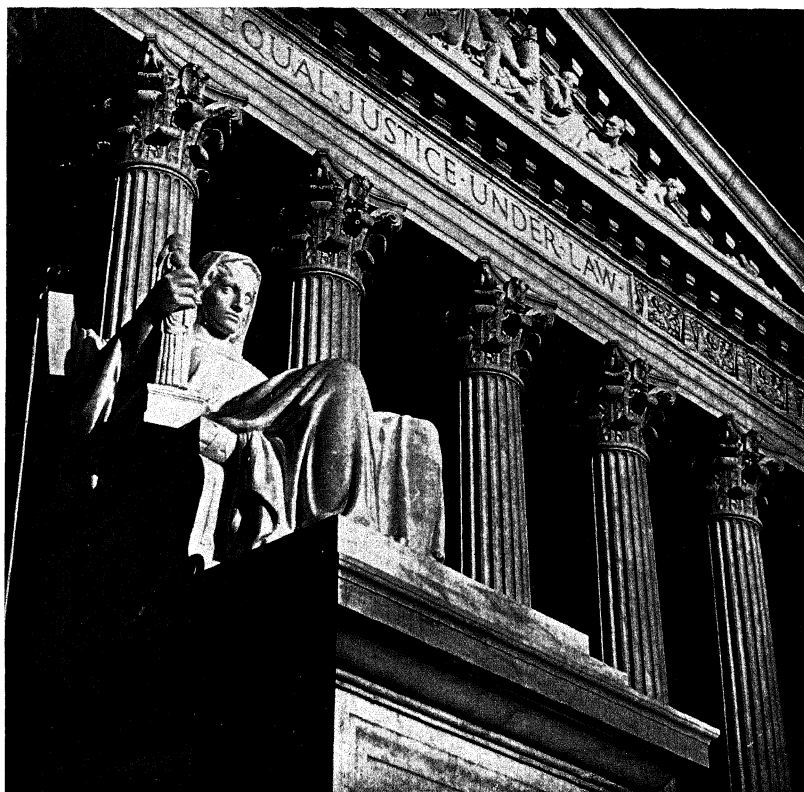


Notice the restriction imposed even upon a symbolic inscription.

“ . . . under Law.”

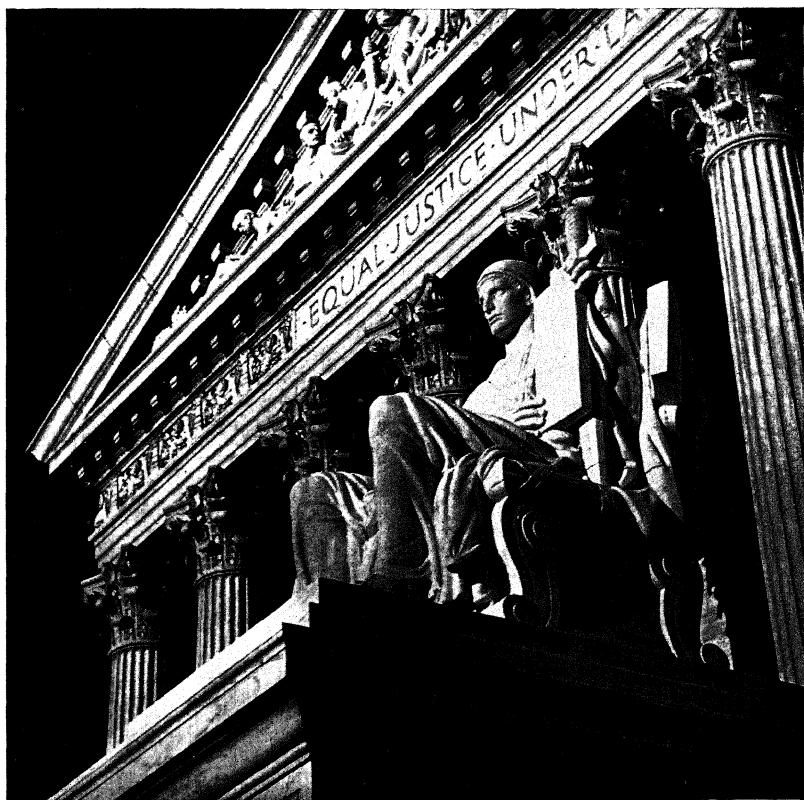
Is law not meant to be the instrument of justice? A law which is not just, or which—because of changing times and changing conditions—has come to be unjust, has no business to remain in force. But, as the inscription states, the function of the Supreme Court is law first, as the determinant, and justice only insofar as it fits within this framework.





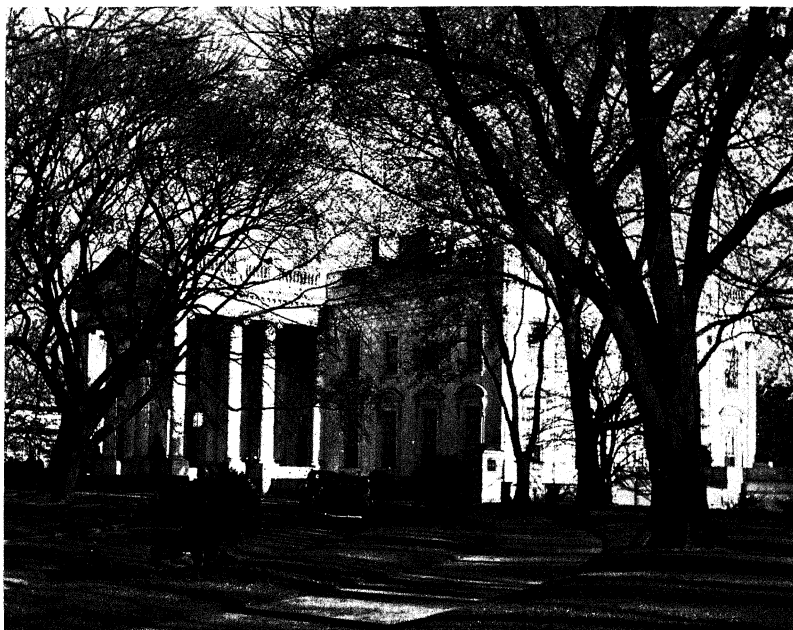
The Supreme Court was conceived as the highest court in the land. It grew into a sort of final authority on the Constitution, appropriating, as time went on, the right to approve or disapprove Acts of Congress on the basis of the Constitution. The Supreme Court bears the responsibility for making the Constitution the semi-sacred and immovable barrier to change which it has become. In the light of our history there is little point in arguing with this power. Presidents and Congresses have come against it many times. Even Lincoln had to fight the Court.

Coupled with the often insidious aspects of a legal autocracy over the democratic process are positive features which have undoubtedly made the Supreme Court a valuable adjunct



to our government. It has often rendered decisions nullifying the action of local courts more conscious of local prejudice than of the Bill of Rights. And by the fact that its members—appointed for life at a liberal salary—are apt to be less susceptible to political and financial pressure than members of Congress, it has stopped many an Act passed under the pressure of the moment which would have been harmful in the long run.

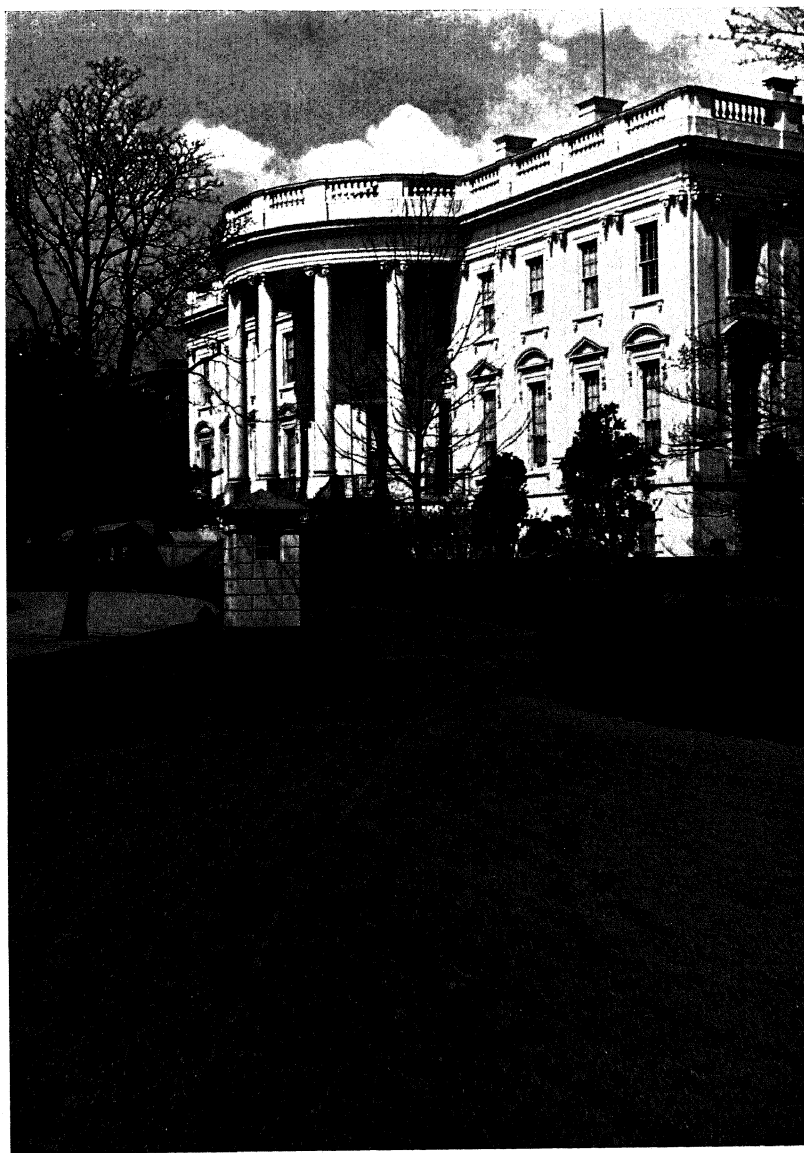
A great deal depends upon the membership of the Court. The Constitution is written vaguely enough to allow of several interpretations. Liberal Supreme Courts interpret it broadly; Courts with a conservative majority prefer strict construction. Age brings conservatism: Supreme Court Justices are no exception.

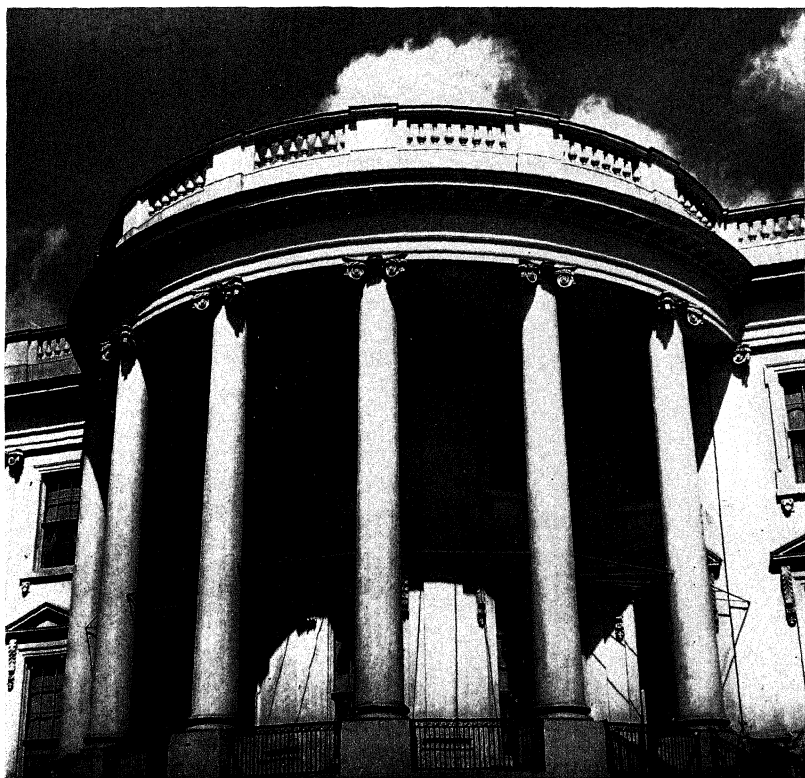


THE HOUSE OF PRESIDENTS

The White House needs no introduction. Every school kid knows what it looks like. It's no Windsor Castle and you could put it in a corner of Versailles; it wasn't built for a king. More of a plantation mansion than a palace, the house which the American people built as a temporary home for one of themselves elected as a temporary leader, is intimate and charming. There's nothing of the super-colossal about it. It's a dwarf beside the Capitol. You and I—anybody—can walk in and out and drive in and out of the North grounds. No guards to stop us except at the Portico.

The North Entrance is used by those who have a personal appointment with a member of the presidential family; it is used by house guests whom you can see driving up, if you're around at the right moment, with their cars packed full of baggage; on formal occasions and receptions it is used by the members of the cabinet and the judiciary, and by the official lights of diplomacy. At such times shiny limousines disgorge shiny diplomats with fancy hats on their heads and a firmament of stars on their breasts.





THE SOUTH PORTICO



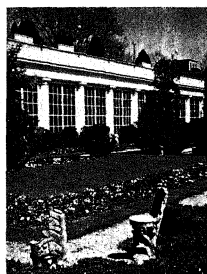
The South grounds are now open to the public only for the annual brawl of Egg-Rolling Day, when the President and his wife are subjected to a mob of parents who use their offspring as visiting cards to the White House.

The rest of the year the hedges and the formal rose garden, the pansy patches and the lawns with their fine old trees are quiet.



THE PRESIDENT'S WALK

In the hedge-enclosed rose gardens the President and his people can relax on old stone chairs, or they can go out on to the lawn and sit on some cast iron benches which look as though they had been left here by a salesman for the early Union Pacific. Under an old magnolia planted by Andrew Jackson, a table and chairs of more realistic design are for privacy and comfort. A few steps away the President's Walk, a dignified colonnade, leads to the Executive Offices.





THEY ENTER

If you should walk into the White House through the main entrance you would find yourself confronted by a polite usher and a tall cool vestibule. On the stone floor you would see the Seal of the President of the United States in bronze inlay. Ahead of you, through a door, you would glimpse the pomp of the Blue Room.

If, on the other hand, you are not armed with an invitation for afternoon tea, not expected by a member of the family, and, on formal evenings, not invited as a guest of honor or an ambassador—if, in other words, you are an ordinary citizen taking in the sights, or a run-of-the-mill reception guest—then you would come in through the East portico. Your cloak (overcoat to you), hat and camera would be taken at the table you see below. At evening receptions you would find an oval mirror for a last powdering of noses and adjusting of ties. In the day-time you would stream through with the rest of the school children, farmers, shopkeepers, who gape daily in a reverent flood through those rooms which are open to the public.



VIEW OF THE GARDEN FROM THE END OF THE EAST GALLERY

THEY WAIT

The Green Room—and the Red Room which is similar—is an unostentatious waiting room for White House callers. With its fire-place (there's real wood in it) and its homey furniture, it looks more like a living-room than a chamber in a building of state.

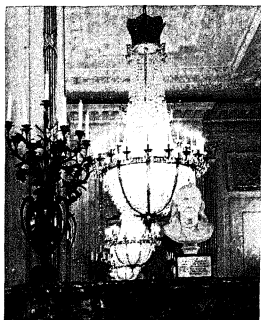
The Blue Room, intended for ceremony, is formality itself. Here the President receives ambassadors. Here he stands pumping the thousand hands of the receiving-line-octopus. The room is oval, and is done in blue with golden decorations.



THE GREEN ROOM



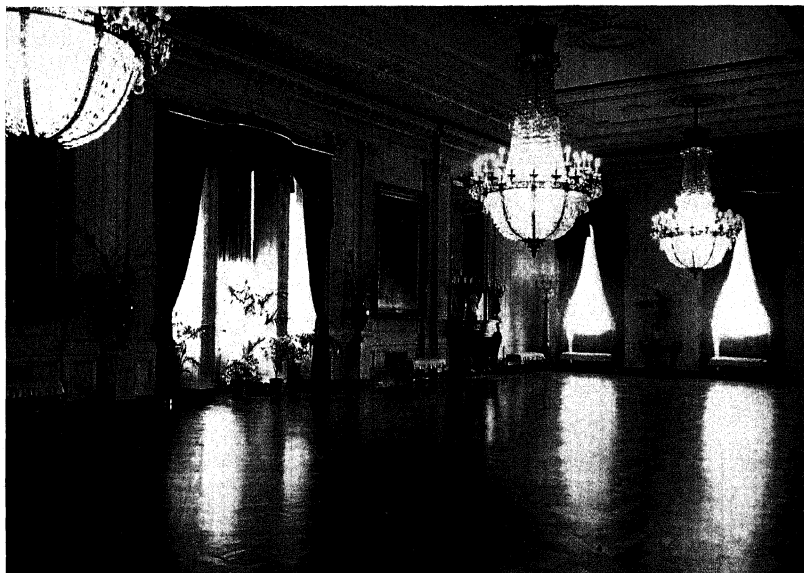
THE BLUE ROOM



For occasions of state, when the White House puts on its best bib and tucker, the East Room provides the required flourish. It has chandeliers made from thousands of little pieces of crystal, a parquet like a minor lake and a piano embellished with dancing figures painted in gold.

Soldiers' boots, patent leather pumps, and embroidered slippers have tapped this hard-wood floor in the restrained impatience of official waiting-lines; super-critical eyes under tiaras have scrutinized the exact fit of the wedding gowns worn by presidents' daughters; under the richly embossed ceiling dead presidents have lain in state.

Incongruously, many most casual events have also taken place here: press parties with swing music, debutante parties and the jiu jitsu lessons of a sport-minded president.



THE EAST ROOM



THE STATE DINING ROOM

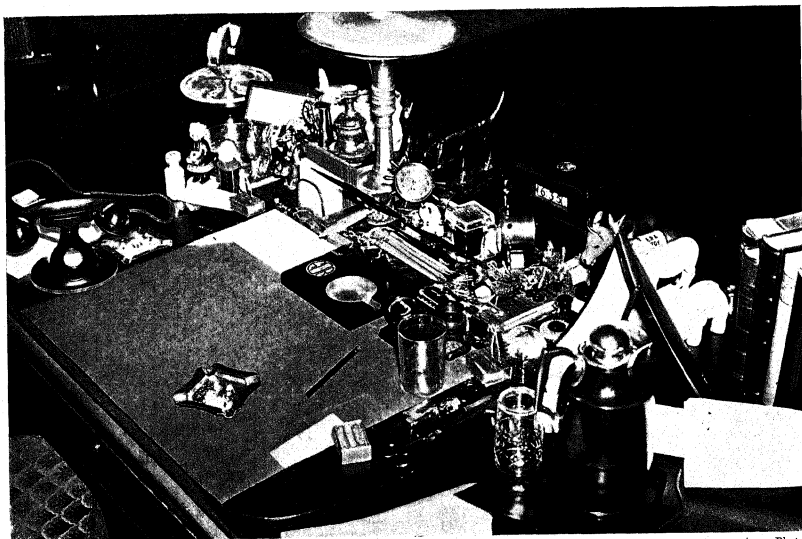


A CHAFING DISH FOR LIGHT SUPPERS

GLASS HOUSE

When the Presidency happens to a man, he and his family have a whole experience of living behind them. They have formed tastes and preferences. When they move into the White House it may well seem to them at first as though they were moving into a public monument.

They *are* moving into a public monument. Every piece of furniture, every picture, chandelier and window curtain in the President's mansion is there by authority of Congress as the property of the nation. It must get a new incumbent a little



THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Acme Photo

dizzy if he considers as he climbs into bed, that he is relaxing on what amounts to the same thing as a national park.

Of course, each President brings with him certain pet comforts and certain pet gadgets. But there's a big difference between his own things and the permanent appurtenances. It's not only that he is allowed to take his own things out at the end of his term; he must take them out unless Congress passes a law that permits him to leave them.

The White House, all its antiques notwithstanding, is first and last a place of work: a place where not only the hour and day in the executive office but every single social contact is a potential political move, where every smile to an outsider is significant, where every frown is an event worthy of comment in the national press.



THE PORCELAIN ROOM, REPOSITORY OF A SET OF CHINA FROM EVERY ADMINISTRATION

into everything from the mortality of mutton to child labor conditions, into every state from Maine to California. They are still being sent. They are the thousands of fingers of our central power upon the pulse of the nation. And under the impact of their reports our governmental workshop will continue to expand and coalesce, to reorganize in a never-ceasing attempt to adjust.

It is entirely beyond the scope of books such as this to examine individually the functions—so often seemingly repetitious—of innumerable and forever changing agencies. Nor has this book any interest in forecasting the future by differentiating between the permanent and the non-permanent. Instead it proposes to examine the net-work of activities stretching from Washington, in the light of past and present and in the exact measure of their effect upon the people.

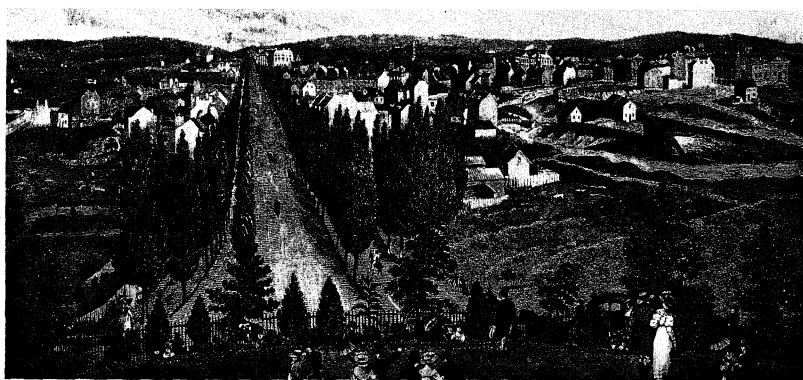


Jung from F.S.A.



THE OLD

When we spun our own flax, grew our own victuals, made our own shirts and boots—when woman's place was in the home and men were divided into gentlemen, tradesmen and lawyers—the federal government was little concerned with the people and of less concern to them. The citizen thought in terms of his street, perhaps his township and, if his view was broad, of his state. Washington was remote.



Library of Congress

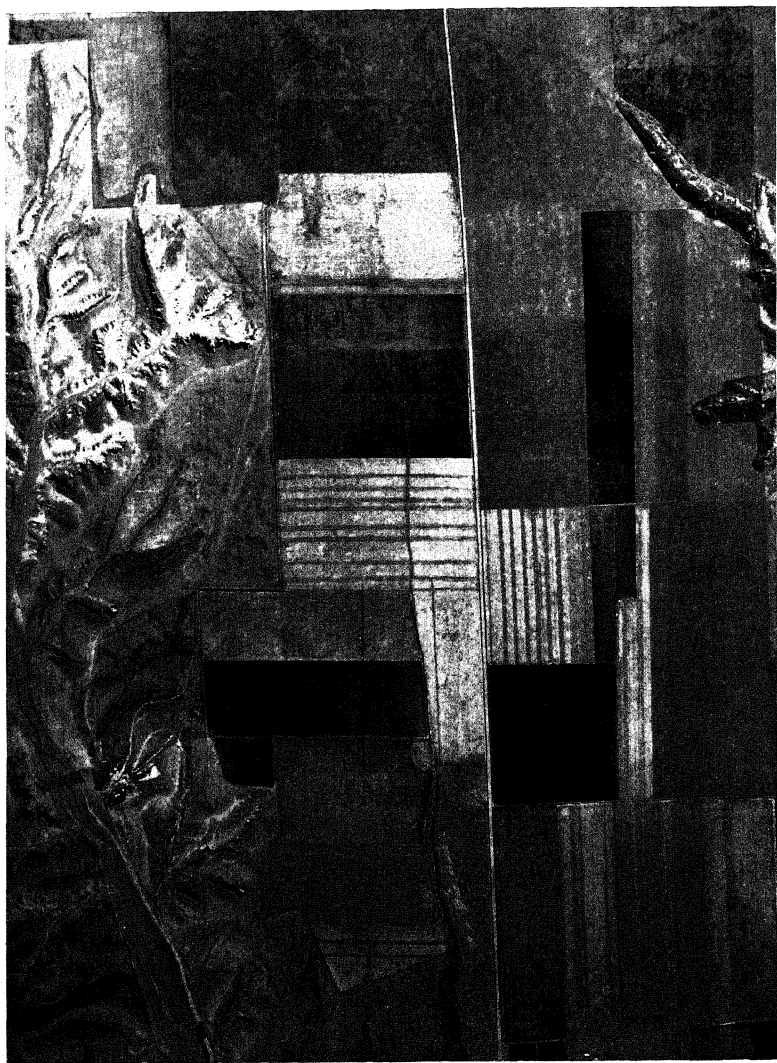


European

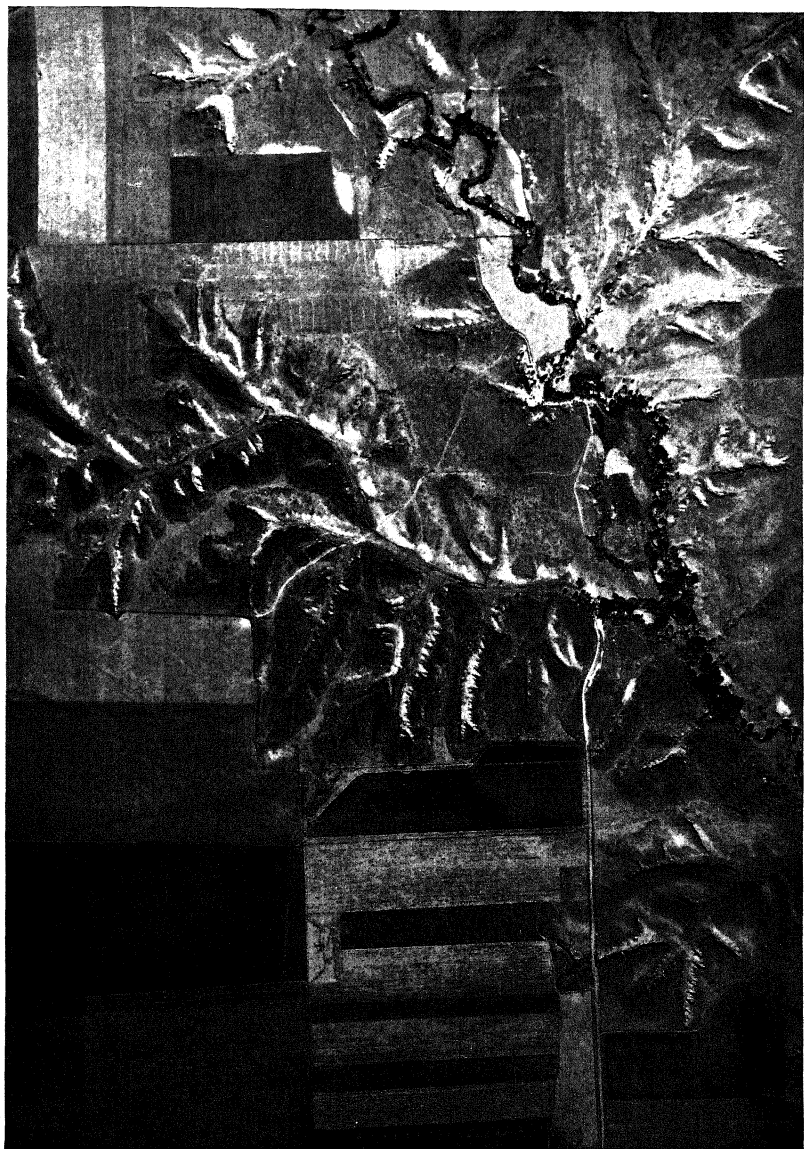
THE NEW

With the push of business from shop to factory, from city to nation; with the elimination of boundaries by corporations, trusts, and interlocking directorates, and with the employment of most of us by concerns swollen far beyond local control, Washington is forced to take on ever new responsibilities. The trend toward centralization in government is the offspring of the centralization of our business life.





THE LAND



U. S. Soil Conserv. Serv.



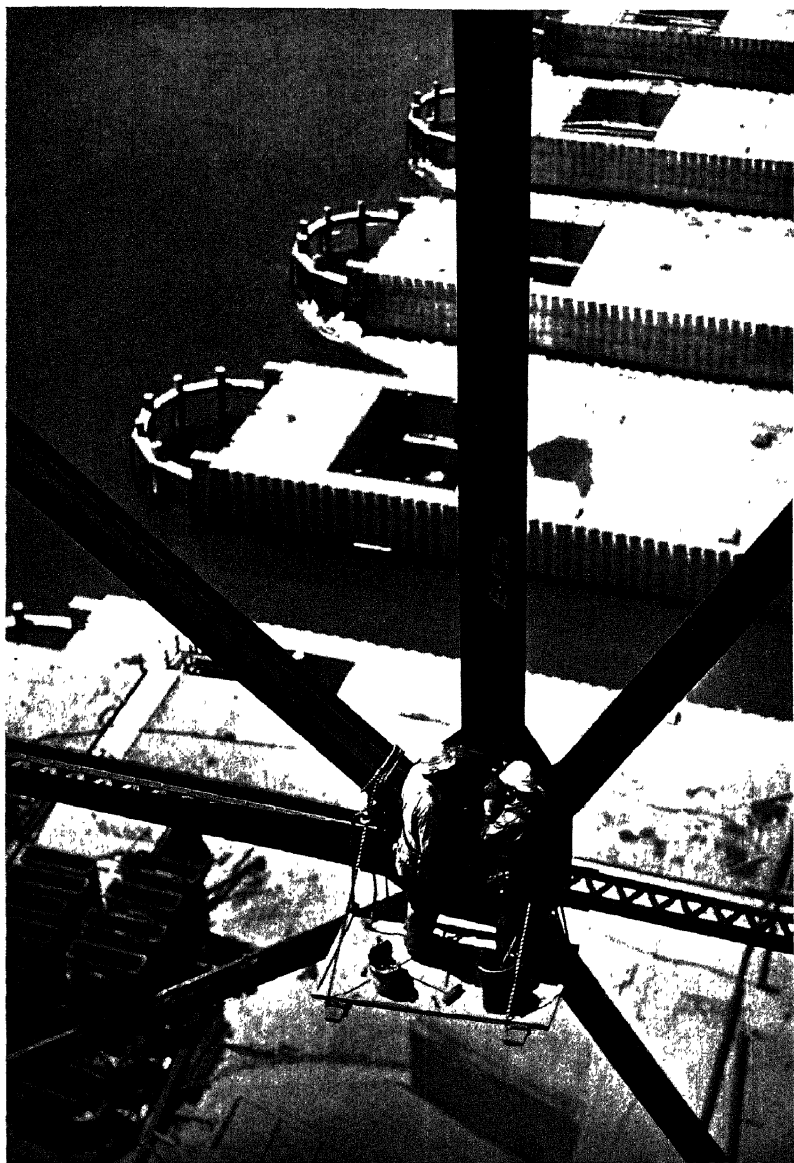
CONSERVATION

The reclamation of the land from the heedless waste of past years is in the hands of two executive departments: the Department of Interior and the Department of Agriculture, and one independent agency, the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The Department of Interior, through its Bureau of Reclamation, has charge of projects such as Grand Coulee Dam and Boulder Dam which will give irrigation to vast, dry areas. Through its Bureau of Mines and the Geological Survey, it tries to help in the preservation and proper use of our underground wealth.

The Department of Agriculture through its Soil Conservation Service tries to put a stop to the deterioration of our soil. Through its Forest Service it conserves and replants our forests.

The T.V.A., within the limits of the vast Tennessee Valley, combines all these functions.



U. S. Bur. Reclamation

FUGITIVE SOIL

"In bygone years we have seen the terrible tragedy of our age—the tragedy of waste. Waste of our people, waste of our land. It was neither the will nor the destiny of our nation that this waste of human and material resources should continue"

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Until recent years, while America remained an expanding country, we made a practice of exhausting land and then leaving it. Our farmers didn't bother to fertilize it or rotate crops so as to give strength back to the earth. They were interested in cash. The land was merely a place to stop on until it wore out.

Today we pay the price. Three-fourths of our tilled land is reduced in productive value. The waste of our land resources costs the nation more than four hundred million dollars a year, has already mounted to about twenty billion. Almost one-tenth of our country's total area—not just the cultivated area, mind you—is permanently lost. We can't afford it.

Our money hunger drove us to convert the soil-holding grassland of the West into soil-loosening wheat land when the wheat prices rose during the Great War. Our farmers, encouraged by the war-time administration, made money. They also made the dust bowl.

The task of saving what remains to be saved is largely educational. Farmers must be taught to rotate crops, to contour hills with their furrows, and to fertilize and plant with an eye toward the future. This education is carried on by the U. S. Soil Conservation Service, the T. V. A. in its region, and county agents everywhere under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. The farmers are most willing to learn, in general, but the process is slow. In the meantime, the fertile topsoil blows away and washes away.

We have not only endangered a considerable percentage of our farm lands, but we have damaged an even greater portion of the grazing ranges of the West. During the boom days of the "Roaring West" we put three cows where the land could support one. Later we sent in sheep which tore the grass out by the roots and cut up the earth with their sharp hoofs. The railroads and the land speculators, traders and money lenders finished the job by bringing in thousands of homesteaders for dry farming. As a result three-fourths of the western ranges outside the boundaries of our National Forests are losing their sod. The Division of Grazing of the Department of the Interior has the colossal job of doing something about it.

In the areas where soil erosion is silently at work, the farmer is baffled. If it were not for the advice of field men sent by Washington with the knowledge gained from laboratory experiments behind them, most farmers would continue with their old destructive methods. Finally our land and our people would suffer, wherever we grow crops, as they are now suffering in the dust bowl.



EROSION

U. S. Soil Conserv. Serv.

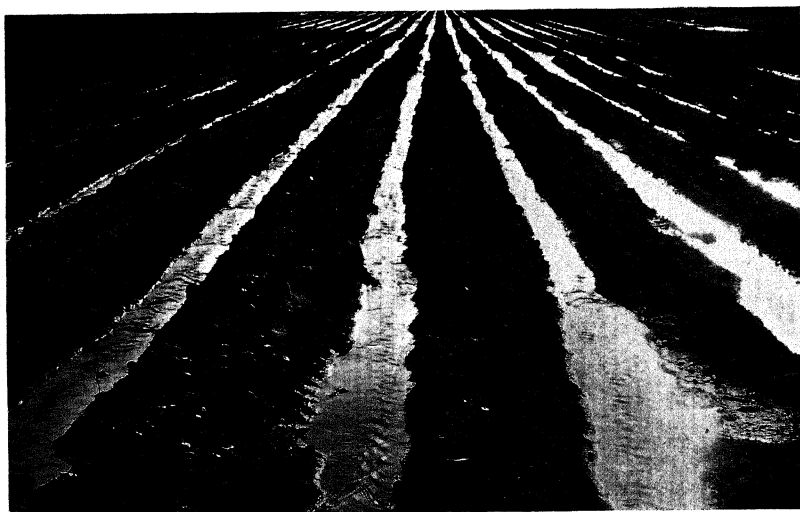
APPLICATION OF FREE
FERTILIZER GIVEN BY THE
GOVERNMENT TO FARMERS'
ASSOCIATIONS FOR COVER
CROPS ONLY. THIS IS AN
INTEGRAL PART OF THE
T.V.A. PROGRAM





W.P.A.

DROUGHT

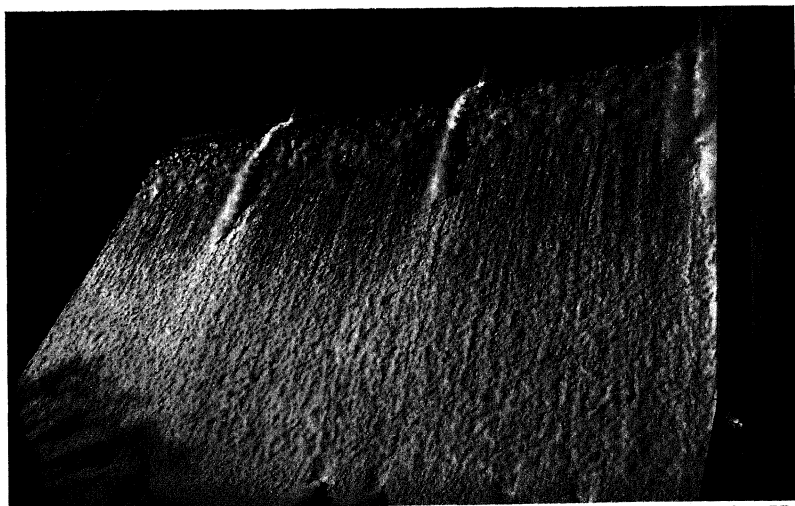


Lange from F.S.A.

DROUGHT CONTROL



FLOOD



Kruteh from T.V.A.

FLOOD CONTROL



Rothstein from F.S.A.

FOREST RUINED BY FIRE

The injury we caused to our land is slight by comparison with the massacre in timber. Over the last three hundred years we wiped out more than half of our forests. Fires did their part, but the real culprits were the lumber companies who sawed and hacked their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leaving a shambles behind them. To a large extent this practice continues. We



Civilian Conservation Corps

CCC FIGHTS FIRE



U. S. Forest Service

FOREST RUINED BY MAN

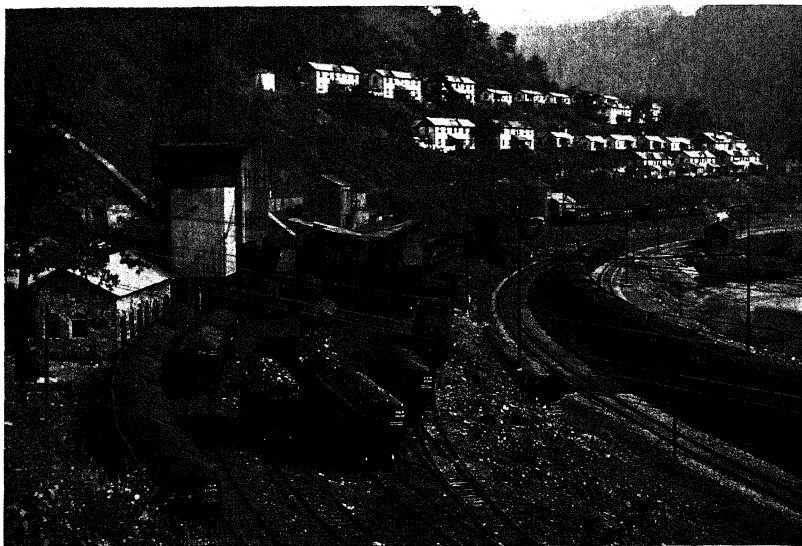


Civilian Conservation Corps

CCC RE-PLANTS

are still cutting several times as much wood as we re-plant.

Through its Forest Service the Department of Agriculture is trying to stem the tide. With 210,000 of a total of 300,000 C.C.C. boys assigned to re-forestation in National and State forests to do the job, it has planted to date one billion six hundred million young trees.



Post from F.S.A.

PATRIMONY

We treated our mines as we treated our fields, digging out coal only from the most accessible levels, our ores only from the most rewarding veins. Then we moved on, allowed our shafts to collapse and our pits to flood beyond redemption. Our most recently discovered and most crucially important fuel, oil, we have wasted worse than all the others. According to present estimates of known deposits, with present production, we may be as oil-poor as Italy by 1960.

Because we were born rich we have had a hard time learning economy with our inheritance. We are rugged individualists; we don't like to be told how to run our business—even into the ground. But perhaps—come to think of it—perhaps there are some things, privately owned or privately exploited, which have so much bearing on the wealth and health of the whole nation that they cannot be treated simply as the private property of private individuals or private corporations.

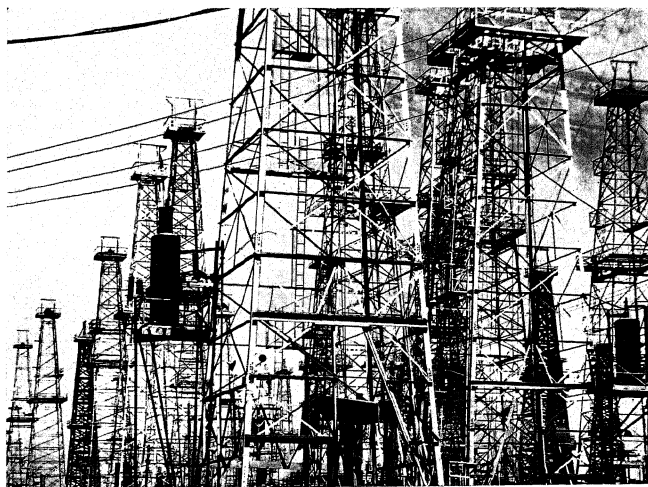


Post from F.S.A.

Private industry cannot afford to take the long view. No matter how understanding of the national situation an oil operator may be, he cannot cut production if his neighbor may pump at will. Thus, in the extraction industries—the coal industry specifically—we recently had the unheard-of phenomenon of owner-operators asking for government regulation. The Guffey Coal bill, invalidated by the Supreme Court, was the result.

The movement for conservation is not a new thing. As early as the reconstruction period after the Civil War the American Association for the Advancement of Science attempted unsuccessfully to restrict the ravages in timber. In wild life protection and fisheries effective legislation was enacted. The Bureau of Fisheries and the Bureau of Biological Survey are doing a great deal toward restocking our natural reserves. But in the case of minerals and fuels the need remains largely unanswered. The Bureau of Mines has devised more efficient mining methods and safety devices for the men in the shafts; it has no power to regulate, no stick to enforce the adoption of its recommendations. The Petroleum Conservation Division, which regulates the flow of oil through interstate pipe-lines, is a first and timid effort to bring order out of the interstate chaos of a nationally vital industry.

The National Resources Committee, whose job it is to estimate how much of our original wealth we retain can give us the figures. Figures are advice. Sooner or later Congress will have to listen.



U. S. Petroleum Conserv. Serv.

USE

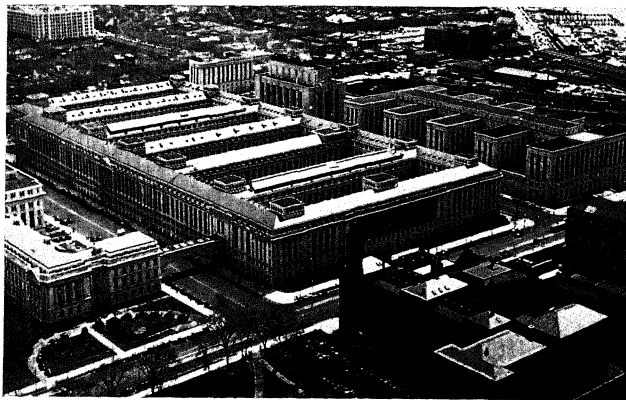
We started out as a lot of farmers. George Washington, in his first annual message to Congress, proposed federal encouragement to farming. But not until 1862 was a Department of Agriculture created,—as an offspring of the Patent Office—and with an appropriation of \$64,000.

Since that time the Department has mushroomed into the largest single division of the federal government, with nearly 80,000 employes (of whom 11,000 sit in Washington) and with annual appropriations running into billions.

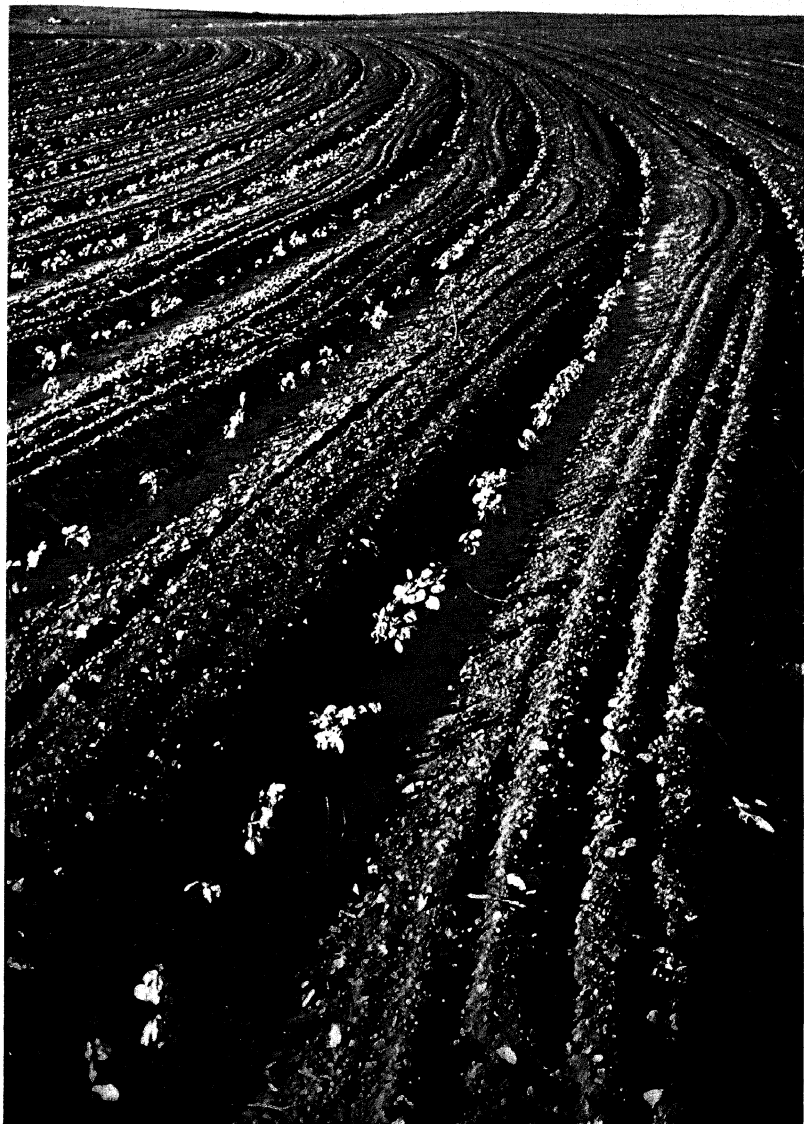
Our farms are being mechanized and industrialized. The tractor has taken the place of a dozen hired hands, the small farmer is forced to the wall by his overhead, by middlemen's profits, by the competition of large-scale scientific farms, and by the development of whole-sale food into a wholesale gamble.

Inevitably our rural standards of living have fallen. Millions of agriculturists have been forced to become migrants, tenants and share-croppers. An impoverished quarter of our people with no purchasing power to speak of, contributes heavily to the idleness of our industries, the goods of which it cannot buy. This is more than an agricultural problem. It is a national calamity.

The federal government had to step in. The activities of the Department of Agriculture since 1932 are an attempt to alleviate.



A PORTION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE



Lange from F.S.A.



U. S. Dept. Ag.

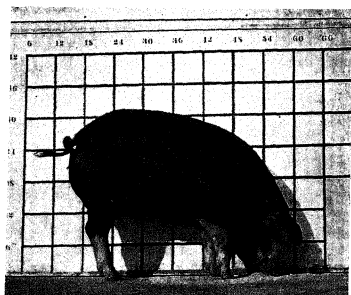
MORE AND BETTER BEES

When Benjamin Franklin was in England as the agent of the colony of Pennsylvania he sent back mulberry cuttings and silkworm eggs and other plants which he thought might be a profitable addition to this country. Later U. S. consuls abroad were instructed—as a regular part of their jobs—to send home anything which we might be able to use and which they thought might grow here. Out of such humble beginnings one of the greatest laboratory institutions in the world has grown.

In Washington alone there are nearly 3,000 professional researchers and their helpers. In hundreds of offices, cubby-holes and laboratories behind anonymous doors leading from miles of corridor, they spend anonymous days over anonymous tasks. They count apples, evaluate the national honey production, investigate bed-bugs, the sex of baby chicks, the best soil for strawberries, the action of fertilizer, the harvesting method of grapefruit, the functions of alfalfa as a cover crop, the migrations of the coyote, and so on *ad infinitum*. They do this day after day, year after year, growing old in the slow oppression of routine,

each one of them contributing his mite of information so that we should have more and better things to eat and to wear. 17,000 additional human numbers do the same work in the experiment stations and land grant colleges which the Department at least partially supports.

They and their labors are the product of our pre-depression way of thinking: more and better. . . .



U. S. Dept. Ag.

MORE AND BETTER HOGS



U. S. Dept. Ag.

MORE AND BETTER GRAIN



U. S. Dept. Ag.

MORE AND BETTER SHEEP



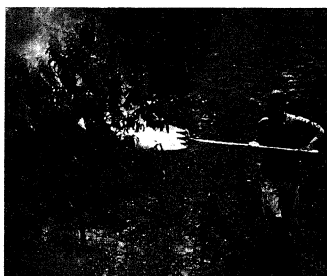
U. S. Dept. Ag.

MORE AND BETTER CHICKENS



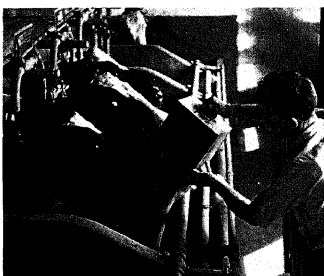
U. S. Dept. Ag.

MORE AND BETTER PASTURE



U. S. Dept. Ag.

MORE AND BETTER FRUIT



U. S. Dept. Ag.

MORE AND BETTER CATTLE



CONTOURS

U. S. Soil Conserv. Serv.

The information from the research centers goes to the farmer in a never-ending parade of pamphlets. Some of them he buys, some of them he gets free. If he is intelligent and if he takes all the pertinent advice from the printed page and from the lips of his county agent, he may, perhaps, possibly, under favorable circumstances, cover his expenses and earn enough profit to buy shoes for the kids.

If he finds a bug in his field and doesn't know its identity he can pack it up and send it to Washington. He'll get it back PDQ with a description: given, middle, and last name, habits, tastes, and morals. Like the FBI, the Department of Agriculture has its public enemies numbered and tagged, from the Japanese beetle to Dutch elm disease.

The Department, in a variety of its subdivisions, teaches the farmer how to increase his yield by proper contouring, proper irrigation, methods of planting, weeding, harvesting.

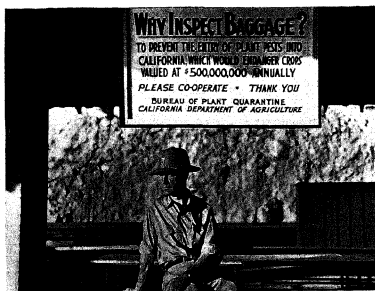
More and better. . . .



Rothstein from F.S.A.



Rothstein from F.S.A.



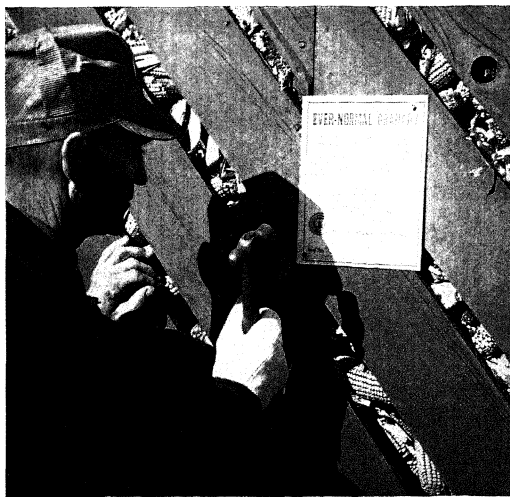
Lange from F.S.A.



TOO MUCH



Lange from F.S.A.



U. S. Dept. Ag.

TOO MUCH WHEAT
TOO MUCH CORN
TOO MUCH COTTON
TOO MANY PIGS
TOO MUCH FRUIT
TOO MANY CATTLE
TOO MANY POTATOES
TOO MUCH...

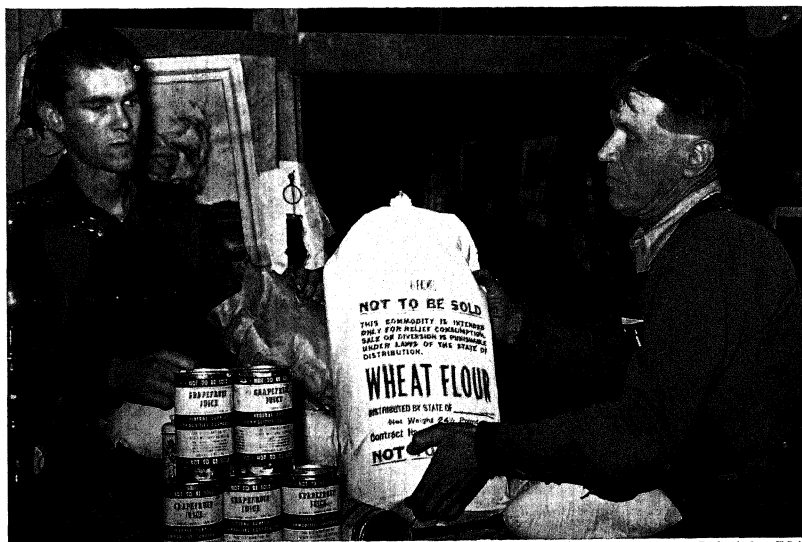
CHAOS SEEKS ORDER

Even less than industry can agriculture adjust its production to current consumption. Automobile manufacturers may open or close their plants, put on night shifts or reduce the work week to fit the flow of their merchandise. The farmer is forced to gamble. He has no way of foretelling a drought or a bumper crop. He has no way of gauging the capacity for the coming year of either the home market or the foreign market. And once his crops are in the ground they keep on coming.

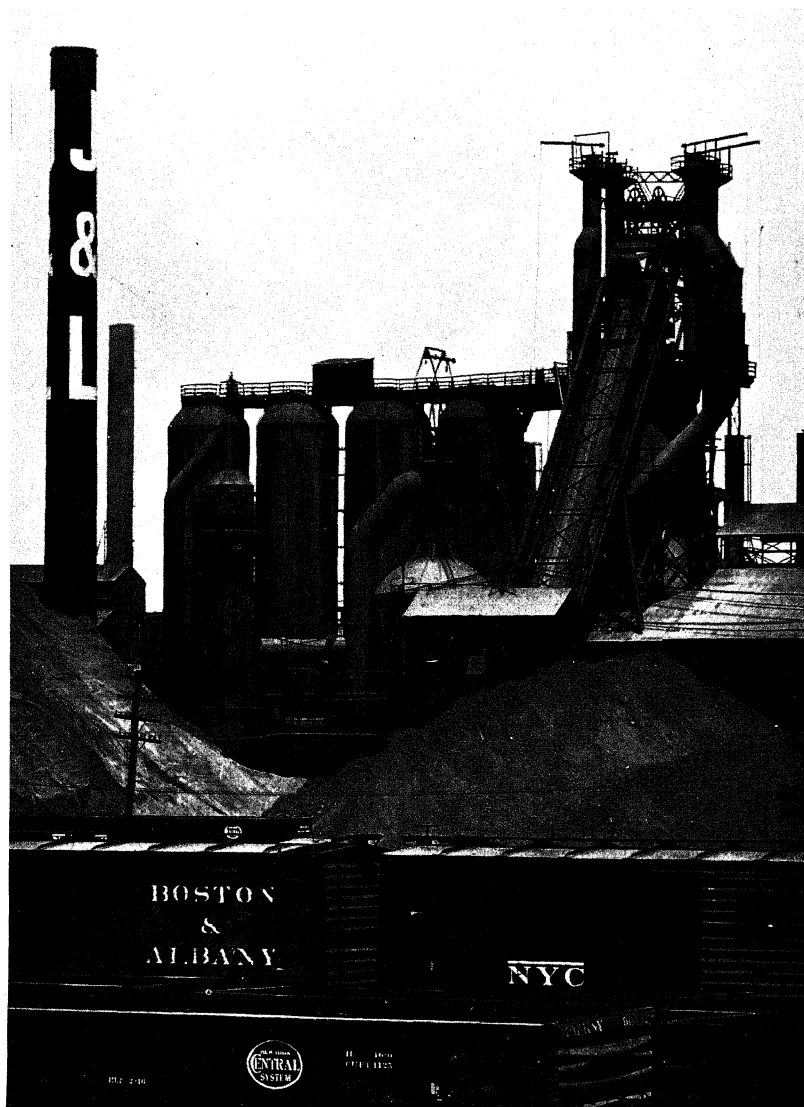
Over the whole width of our continent our farmers produce. No matter how much they get together in Granges, clubs, co-operatives, and associations, they cannot possibly evaluate the factors which will determine the difference between profit and loss in next autumn's corn or hogs or grapefruit or potatoes. No individual's crop, no county's crop, no state's crop alone can make that difference. Even the national crop is only part of this involved causation. Drought in Europe or surplus in Russia have a crucial bearing on the price of American produce. The purchasing power of urban millions at the particular time when the crop is for sale, trade treaties with South America, and the maneuvers of financiers—all entirely beyond the control of the farmer—have as much influence as skill on farming success.

Since 1932 an increasing portion of the Department of Agriculture has been given over to the attempted equalization of all these factors. It is the simple little assignment of our agricultural experts to fit our agriculture and agricultural marketing into an economic structure based on price rather than need. As usual they were not given a chance to do anything until an emergency existed which called for repulsive and seemingly idiotic measures. They had to plow under potatoes while millions were hungry, plow under cotton while millions went ragged. It is easy to criticize them for this. But—short of a revolution—what could they do?

Since that terrible time, aid to the farmer has settled down into a long range program on a more reasonable basis. The aim is what is called the “ever-normal granary,” a supply capable of steady flow, which can be turned on and off at will like your bathroom faucet. There are subsidies of export crops such as wheat and cotton which must compete with those of other countries. Crop insurance serves farmers who agree to a limited acreage. The Surplus Commodities Corporation gives funds to the farmer which enable him to keep surpluses off the market. It also buys surpluses for free or low-cost distribution among the needy. In subsidizing the farmer the program tries to bring about soil conservation, with the idea that in thus guaranteeing part of the farmer’s income, it will save him his capital.



Rothstein from F.S.A.



Rothstein from F.S.A.

THE COUNTRY'S BUSINESS





THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

Gouverneur Morris was a far-sighted man. At the Constitutional Convention he suggested “a Secretary of Commerce and Finance, whose duties were, in part, to recommend such things as may in his judgment promote the commercial interests of the United States.” That was in 1787. The idea seemed a little preposterous. A batch of states, each suspicious of the other, had got together reluctantly—only because there was no alternative. Each state wanted things its own way with special protection and special guarantees for its special interests. To give any federal officer the power to decide what was in the national commercial interest—ridiculous.

It took Morris’ radical notion 116 years to become fact. But before any executive department specifically charged with the promotion of commerce was established, a great many separate and sporadic moves were made and a lot of separate and unjoined bureaus were created. They were pinned, hit-or-miss, onto the coat-tails of existing executive divisions, howsoever they happened to be handy.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey was decreed first. (It was time we found out where the ocean started.) Next we took over the lighthouses from the states. And after a while we devised the Patent Office—under the Secretary of State, of all people. In 1790 we had our

first census; but the permanent structure for counting anything from noses to criminals, churches, cotton bales, age, color, nativity, and occupation of father and mother—this is of recent vintage.

By 1903, the trusts had reached the busting age and the country had definitely come under the control of the complex mechanism generally referred to by the mystic name of “business”. Only then a department of “Commerce and Labor” was set up. As was proper and in the spirit of the age, Labor and Commerce were later divorced and took up separate domiciles. By now the Department of Commerce is one of the largest in the Capital, a colossal family of different bureaus from the Census to the Business Advisory Council.



A CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE DEPARTMENT WHERE BUSINESS LEADERS MEET THE GOVERNMENT



U. S. Dept. Printing and Engraving

HERE WE PRINT MONEY:
BUREAU OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING,
WASHINGTON

SYMBOL OF A SYMBOL

Money is magic. Cash—whatever its form—is the symbol of value in any society matured beyond straight barter. The basis and the units are a matter of agreement, representing given amounts of goods or services. Without such an agreement modern society falls apart.

How are you going to exchange a cow for a plumbing repair worth a quarter of a cow? The first job of any government is to provide a medium which will keep the cow from being slaughtered without flooding the house.

To accomplish this purpose the powers that be must see to it that the tokens of this exchange are available in sufficient numbers, that they are not manufactured by unauthorized parties and that the people will accept them freely in return for work or merchandise. Without popular faith in its magic by decree, no government can function.

Since the Middle Ages two metals—gold and silver—have been the world's two major magic substances. Wars have been fought over them. Peoples have migrated for them. Men have robbed, killed, died of starvation and of thirst in search of them. Magic. . . I ask you, can you eat gold?

The more complex the society, the more complex the variety of symbols. Cash, gold or silver, is a symbol for exchange only while it is going from hand to hand. The minute it is put somewhere and kept, it becomes a symbol of possession, wealth as they call it. Paper money is the symbol for the symbol. And a check is a symbol for the symbol of a symbol.

To complicate things a little further there comes the whole structure of credit, that super-extra-intricate growth of bonds, stocks, debentures, mortgages, notes which ballooned out of the original bar-room I.O.U. Credit is essentially the gamble of one party, temporarily flush with the symbol of wealth, that another party will be at least equally flush with the same symbol at a certain future date. The cash which passes from one to the other is an expression of faith, usually for a consideration, reinforced by some piece of *real* property

which the whole thing stands for anyhow. Make the actors corporations, holding companies or banks and the business is called finance. It is, I trust, as confusing to you as it is to me.

At any rate it seems to baffle the experts. The Secretary of the United States Treasury, in discussing monetary policy, said, in a speech during 1937: "We are, in a sense, on uncharted seas and we must proceed cautiously; we have to test and verify each step and go only so fast as we can see clearly ahead."

This is where we are now. We started simply enough. Under the Articles of the Confederation the Congress of 1785 adopted the dollar as the monetary unit. Later it was divided into "dismes or tenths, cents or hundredths, and milles or thousandths." The gold content and the silver content were fixed. And the Mint in Philadelphia started to turn them out. The Civil War brought Greenbacks, and these in turn gave rise to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. By now this plant, one of the largest printing plants in the world, turns out our paper money, our stamps, and our government bonds. The gold content of the dollar has been changed, but that doesn't matter anyway, because you couldn't get gold for it if you tried. It's all safely locked away in the vaults of Fort Knox. It wouldn't make the slightest bit of difference if somebody walked off with the whole boodle—as long as nobody knew about it. Magic. . . .



HERE WE BURY GOLD: FORT KNOX, KENTUCKY

U. S. Dept. Treas.

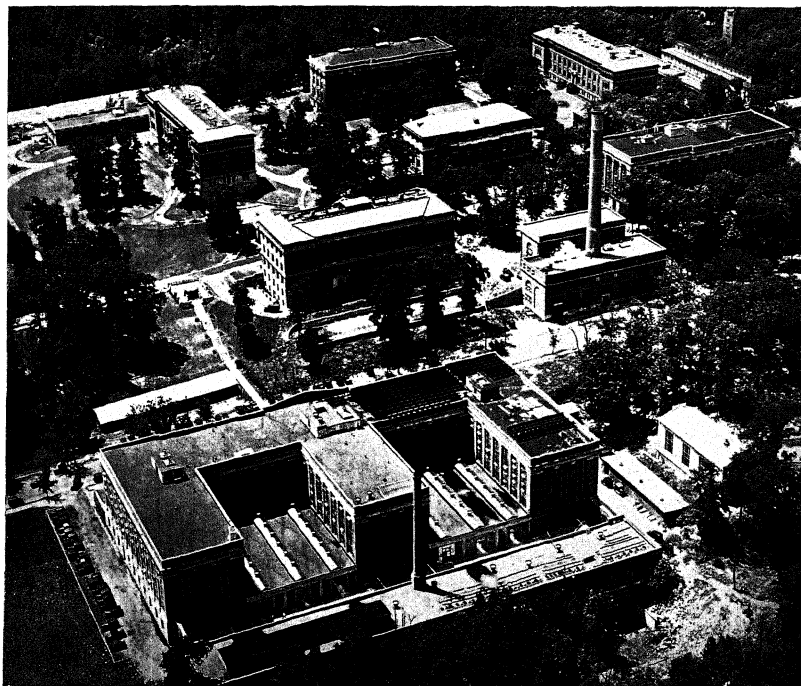


U. S. Bur. Standards

STANDARD OF WEIGHT

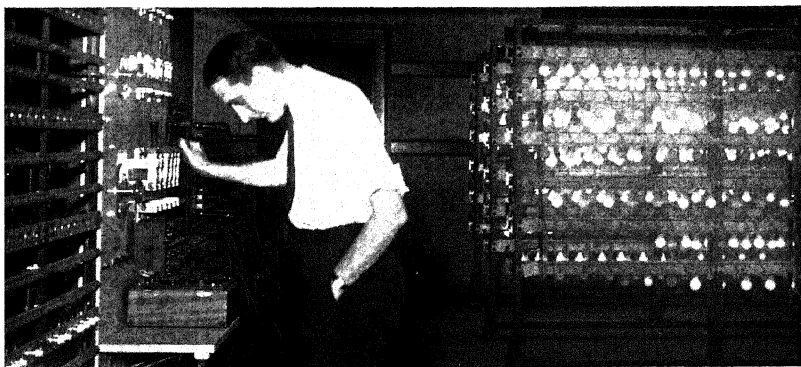
MEASURES OF REALITY

Just as any modern country must have a standardized currency, it must also have a unified system of measures. The office of Standard Weights and Measures was first incorporated in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Out of this subdivision has blossomed as complete a testing laboratory as any in the world. Twelve major and seven minor buildings occupy 56 acres on the outskirts of Washington and are well worth a visit to anybody interested in the mechanics of our civilization.



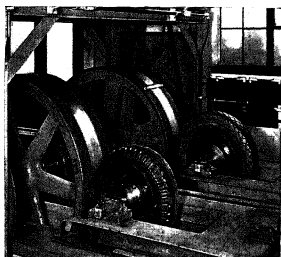
U. S. Bur. Standards

BUREAU OF STANDARDS, WASHINGTON



U. S. Bur. Standards

STANDARD OF LIGHT



U. S. Bur. Standards

STANDARD OF DURABILITY



U. S. Bur. Standards

STANDARD OF BREAKABILITY

Here you will see the National Standard of Mass, Kilogram No. 20, made of platinum and iridium; the National Standard of Length, made of the same ultra-valuable alloy; scales with a margin of error only one part in twenty million; wind tunnels to test model airplanes, buildings, automobiles and chimneys; oscillators and auxiliary apparatus which will fix radio frequency to within one part in ten million—and so on down the line. In this incredible institution the quest for exact truth becomes an obsession: in its visitors' manual the Bureau of Standards states, after its address, that "the altitude of the lower floor of the north building is 335.69 feet above sea level, latitude 38° 56' 32" North, longitude 77° 03' 59" West."

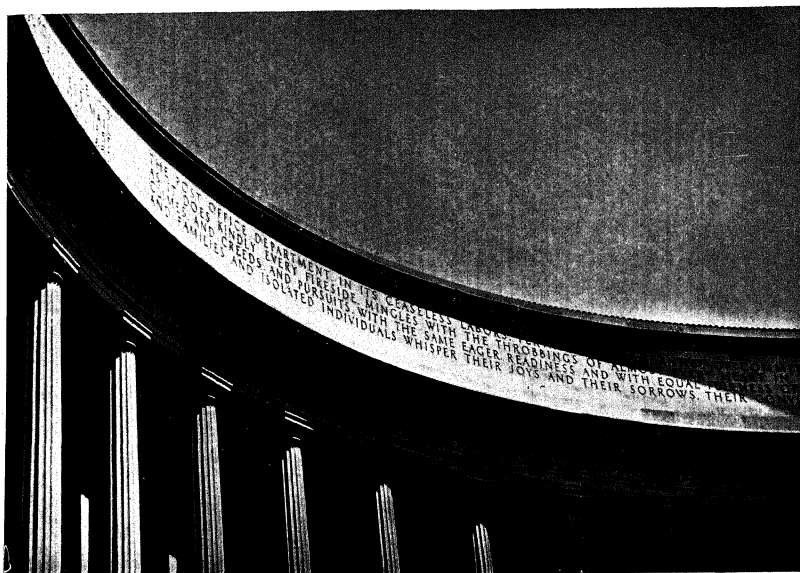
Needless to say, our extraordinary fact-factory is no longer restricted to the mere setting of standards. It has contributed and continues to contribute many important innovations in anything from hydraulics to hosiery.

YOURS TRULY

The people of the United States are the owners and customers of our largest business. The transport of bills, of notices of new life and recent death, of promotion schemes, of post-cards from Joe to Tillie saying: "Having wonderful time, wish you were here," has been a government monopoly for a long time. At the time of the Revolution we had



Lange from F.S.A.



POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON

twenty-eight postoffices, of which fourteen were in Massachusetts. By now we have 45,000 which hire almost one-half of all government workers. They handle around twenty-six billion pieces per annum which weigh five and a half billion pounds.

The Postmaster General as a member of the President's cabinet supervises this vast enterprise from the Post Office Department in Washington. He is more than the head of the country's number one hauling company; he is the boss of our biggest savings bank, of our greatest sales force for government bonds, of an enormous fleet of trucks, and he farms out contracts which send our airplanes over seventy million miles each year. The law instructs him to render service rather than make money. Considering that the Post Office is the juiciest side of pork in the government, its deficit is astonishingly small.



Vachon from F.S.A.



U. S. Bur. Pub. Roads

GROWING PAINS

The men who wrote the Constitution had no way to foresee the radio and the airplane. In their day Europe was a patchwork of little countries broken into duchies and petty kingdoms. Our Constitutional Convention crested the wave of democracy breaking over a world of little places. Democracy, ready to sweep away obsolete aristocracies, could be only partially conscious of its own, inevitable revolutionary consequences.

To the carpenters of the Constitution the states were big: steel-tired coachwheels on rutted roads found New York state bigger than the Silver Fleet finds the whole country; a cobbler in Lowell found Massachusetts a market greater than his wildest dreams; America—a continent conquered, unified, with the wilderness dissected by the axe of the woodchopper, the gun of the frontiersman, and the patient scalpel of the plow—seemed a conception to be treasured but not seriously considered. The thirteen states of the Constitution were broad in the time before Standard Oil and the Bank of America. How was anyone to know that they would become as narrow as townships as the world grew and America grew.

The world did grow and America did grow.

Industry grew and corporations were born to finance its growth. Railroads paralleled rutted highways. Whole peoples, a vast productive force, with immeasurable power to consume, were imported from Europe and settled on what had been the Western public lands. The Lowell cobbler became director in a shoe factory. The country banker joined a syndicate.

America grew as it had to grow. The Civil War eliminated the slave as the white man's competitor in an industrial market which needed a free and variable supply of labor. The loaning of money, vital to adolescent industry, acquired dignity and became finance. Money bore money as it travelled from producer to banker to stockholder and dribbled back to the producer. Banker became master, owning more and more of production, spread-

ing out from state to state to the wild frontier pushing Westward. The trust was invented.

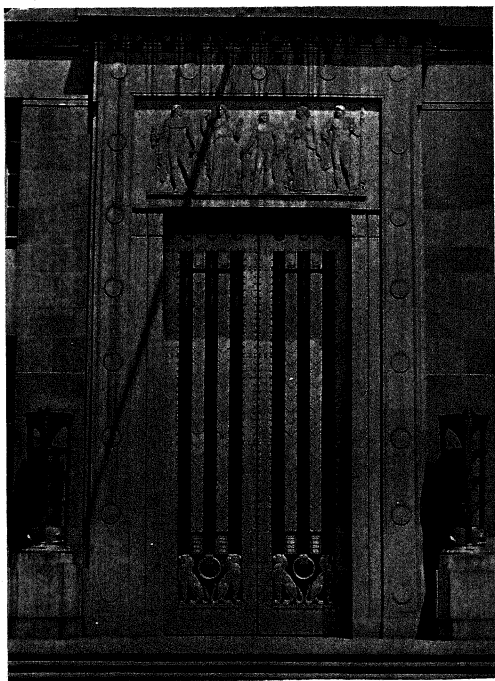
And as America grew the world grew. The same implacable force of need which caused us to overstep our self-imposed boundaries weeded the petty sovereignties out of its earth-wide path. America's merchandise started to travel, not merely over state lines, but across oceans. Industry made more goods. Money made more money. But it went into the hands of fewer and fewer men. The machine took over. Slowly it came to seem as though there were too many people. Immigration was halted. A credit structure spread over the nation which made every man owe on what he thought he owned (while it sloughed off profits) until it owned most of us. We didn't know it. We were happy. Our phenomenal growth could have no ending. In what other country could an office boy become bank president?

A few years after the great war, one percent of our people owned fifty-nine percent of our wealth, while the great mass of us—eighty-seven percent—had to get along with less than a tenth. We got along. But we couldn't buy.

In '29 the roof fell in.

As early as 1890, in the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the federal government had begun restricting the business giant, grown too powerful and wide-spread for state control. The net-work of transportation, bound to no state but traversing them all, called for the federal regulator. The Interstate Commerce Commission resulted. The Department of Justice, charged with the enforcement of federal laws, gained importance and size. Washington, from the mere center of politics and a dispenser of free land, was developing into the hub of the wheel.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,
WASHINGTON

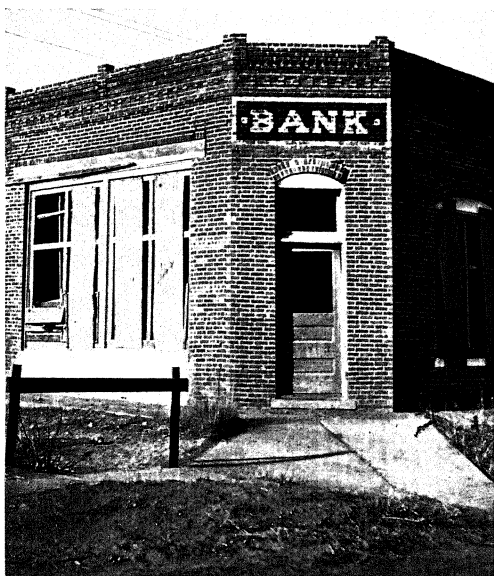




THE FEDERAL RESERVE BUILDING, WASHINGTON

Before the depression Washington had been, with a few exceptions, the handmaiden of big business. The Federal Reserve System, created in 1913, provided currency elastic enough for the fluctuations of supply and demand. Federal import duties were designed to suit the protectionist ideas of our industrialists. But, outside of the Federal Trade Commission intended to curb unfair competition in interstate commerce and the Interstate Commerce Commission created to keep the common carriers from owning all of the country, there was no federal leash.

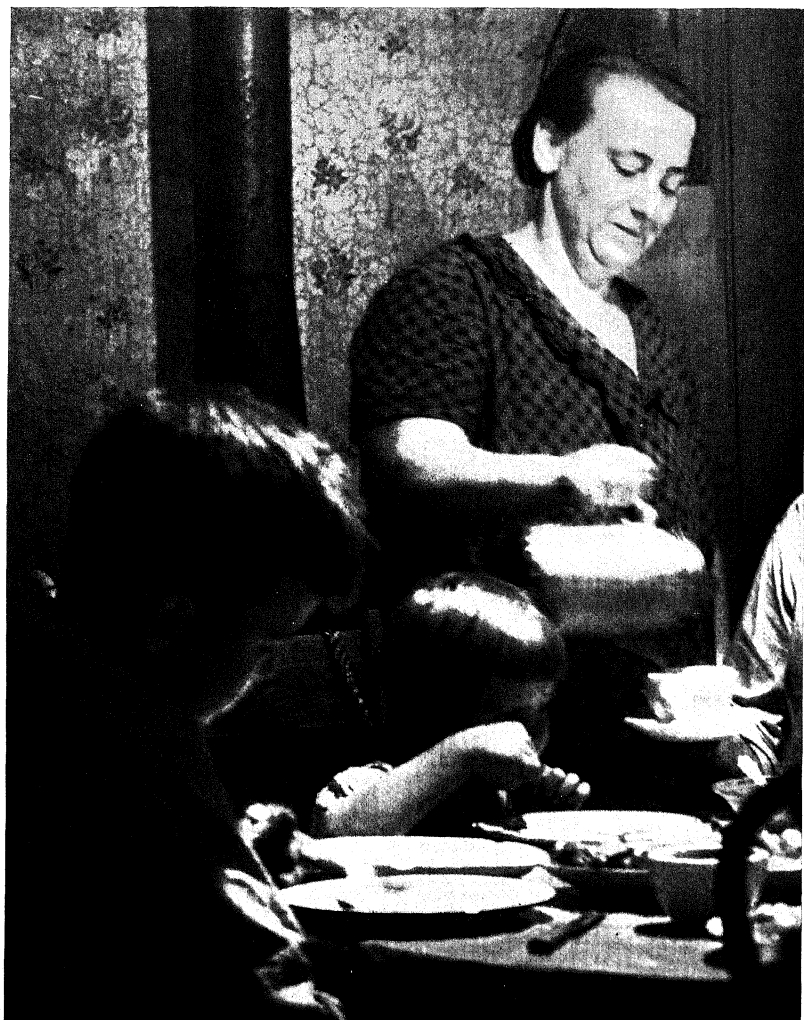
Came the crash. Banks failed, industries tottered, brokers were jumping out of every third window. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, hurriedly set up to pump funds into our sick productive apparatus, failed to cure our ailments. Business needed consumers to empty its crammed warehouses of their surplus stocks. Money at the top could not fill the hole at the bottom. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation helped at least to return to the small depositor some of his shaken confidence; as long as he put his money into banks willing to submit to federal examination and certain federal standards, he was insured up to \$5,000.



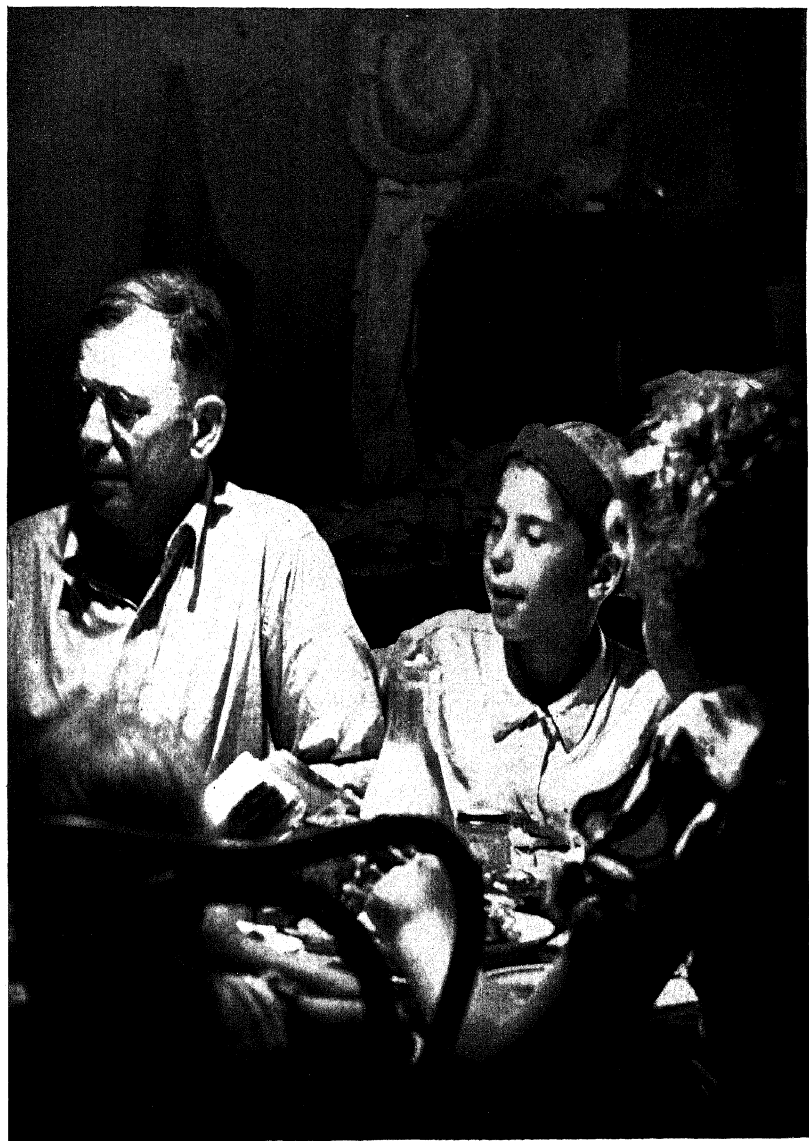
Rothstein from F.S.A.

The Securities and Exchange Commission attempted the unheard-of—in 1934 it started to tell the masters of finance what securities they could issue, how they could issue them, and how they could represent them. Finally an Export-Import Bank was set up to lend money facilitating foreign trade, in other words to push American business back into the foreign markets it had lost and, where possible, into new ones.

All these new agencies could not help but concentrate more activity in the Capital. They meant more government workers in Washington, more buildings, and an increasing number of squawks from the rest of the country. The depression was not yielding easily. 1929 lay far behind, half forgotten. There seemed to be too much regulation, too much spending. But the agencies of the government kept on growing. The Federal Communications Commission was set up to regulate radio, telegraph and telephone, and a whole slew of bureaus was established to raise the standard of living and thus the buying power of Mr. John J. Consumer and family which alone has the power to keep our business going.



THE PEOPLE





[Shahn from F.S.A.]

THE MAN IN THE STREET

"You're tellin' me, mister? I'm tellin' you—you mind your own business.

"So you're from Washington? What's it to me? I ain't done nothin'. . . . Lemme see what you're writin' down on that there paper. I don't ask you no questions. Why should you be botherin' me? Anyhow, I'm busy."

Our psychology of self-reliance dates from the Revolution. It has been one of our outstanding characteristics ever since. It was always the first of our social attitudes adopted by the immigrant. It seemed to thrive in our soil.

We were proud that this was the country where a man got as far as he took himself. If the going was tough—well, what were we Americans for? We thought of ourselves, romantically, as pioneers in the wilderness, building, building. It never occurred to us that for every building there comes a day when it is complete.

Washington? That was the place where the politicians sat. New York interested us, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco—growing cities pregnant with things in the making, raw and exciting. The success story repeated over and over again.

Washington? A place you read about in the newspapers. Full of government. What did we care? We believed in a minimum of government. Sometimes, when the census taker came around, we'd consider a moment; but only a moment, then we'd go back to the baseball scores and our pet schemes for success. Success, that's what counted. Failure? It wasn't in our books, it was a weakling's answer.

When war came and we were called out to fight, we hardly thought that it was Washington that sent that call. We went and fought—for America, for independence, for rugged individualism, for the American way.

Our government in Washington, like all governments, reacted to immediate pressures. Business brought pressure: business got concessions. Agriculture brought pressure: agriculture got concessions. Until 1913, when the Department of Labor was established, the people—who elected the government supposedly for their own benefit—had not even a department which concerned itself strictly with them. Data were collected, millions of them; few positive steps were taken.



ONE OF THE MANY ROOMS IN THE CENSUS BUREAU,
WASHINGTON

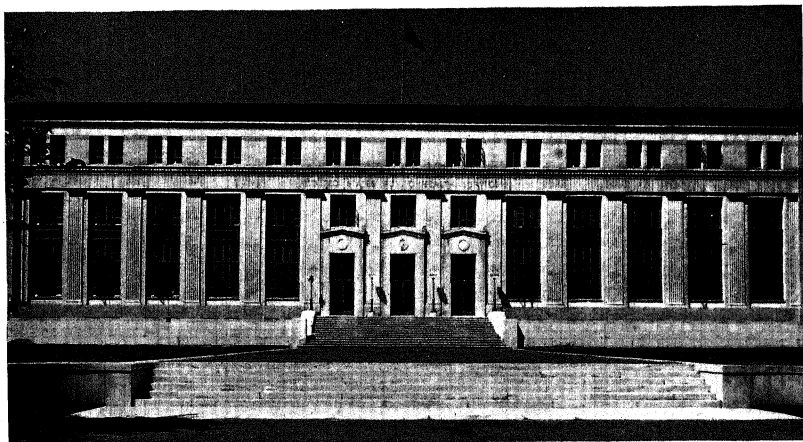
THE FIRST STEP

The one exception to a national policy of leaving well enough alone, was the early establishment of the Public Health Service. It developed out of the marine hospitals of 1798 for the benefit of sick and disabled American seamen. Later its functions were enlarged. After all, nobody wanted epidemics, and sickness decreased our national efficiency.

The Public Health Service still runs our marine hospitals. But now it controls as well maritime quarantine, the examination of immigrants and inspection of passengers and crews who might bring communicable diseases. It has charge of interstate health centers.

It studies the cause, the means of propagation and the spread of diseases and tries to develop methods of control. It licenses and controls manufacturers of vaccines, serums, antitoxins, and similar preparations. It studies mental diseases and drug addiction. It cooperates with local health departments and it disseminates public health information.

The Health Service has done a great deal of valuable research in the fight against tuberculosis, cancer, syphilis, malaria, pneumonia, infantile paralysis, bubonic plague, Rocky Mountain fever, typhoid, and many other of our most dangerous diseases. Too often it has been able merely to diagnose: the cure—the elimination of undernourishment, slums, and filth—is beyond its power.



THE UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE, WASHINGTON



Lee from U. S. Public Health Serv.



Rothstein from U. S. Public Health Serv.

MARINE HOSPITAL



Rothstein from U. S. Public Health Serv.

PUBLIC CLINIC



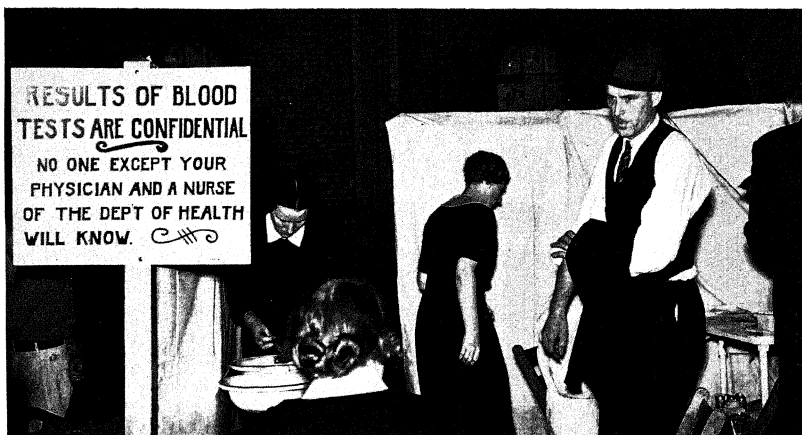
Rothstein from U. S. Public Health Serv.

SANITATION



Rothstein from U. S. Public Health Serv.

QUARANTINE



Rohstein from U. S. Public Health Serv.

BLOOD TEST



Wilson from W.P.A.

TUBERCULOSIS



Lee from U. S. Public Health Serv.

CANCER



Lee from F.S.A.

HUNGER OVER AMERICA

The success story died with the depression. Office boys had a hard time aspiring to be bank presidents when they lost their jobs as office boys. Faith tottered when millions didn't eat—bewildered millions without glorious, tough and beckoning frontiers ahead of them.

1929 gave birth to a new and simple cry—work! It wasn't that the world owed you a living, but it seemed as though a man should be given a chance to try to make a living. There was less and less work. Savings went, hard earned savings with sweat sticking to



Shahn from F.S.A.

them, went overnight. What were men to do, with their wives looking scared and their kids waiting for milk? They turned in their insurance policies. They sold their cars—if they could sell them. They helped each other out. They were patient.

The millions turned their eyes to Washington. Everything would be all right. Prosperity was around the corner. But the corner was a long time coming. Patience began to crack.

Trainloads and busloads of ragged men converged on the Capital. They camped on the lawn of the Capitol, a tatterdemalion army without guns.

In 1932 the people turned out, as usual, to vote. But they didn't vote as usual, for the party their fathers had belonged to or the machine which gave them turkeys on Christmas day. They voted against the men in office who seemed willing to let good enough alone, when good enough wasn't good enough any more.

Under this new pressure the federal government took on a new face. Relief was instituted in a variety of forms. The N.R.A. came and went, an attempt to raise the living standards by federal codes, to regulate wages, prices and competition. When this failed, legislation was enacted to help the wage earner increase his income by the legal sanction of the principle of unionism. Better housing was encouraged in the cities. Resettlement projects were started in the country. Loans were given to the small farmer.

With such an alteration in government perspectives the whole face of Washington was bound to change. Young blood poured in. Not only did more and more government workers come to the Capital, but those that came were of a different type. Compared to its staid and solemn air of previous administrations, Washington took on a happy-go-lucky, almost bohemian atmosphere. The many new agencies had to be placed wherever there was room, in hotels, in office buildings, in any handy place.



U.S.H.A.

RENOVATION

When England faced her economic crisis, she put her unemployed on the dole. In the U. S. we decided against straight relief in cash or kind, at least as a long range policy. We argued that, though USA was better dressed than most of the other international belles, she could well stand an increase in her wardrobe. If we were going to pay out public money in colossal sums, we might as well have something to show for it when we got through. The depression, we reasoned, was the result of a drop in consumption rather than over-production—at least in many of the basic industries. Nobody could say that we had all the roads we needed, all the schoolhouses we needed, all the power dams we could use. There was a lot to do.

The federal government decided to attack the national slump in two ways: one, by becoming the biggest single customer American construction industry had ever had; the other, by becoming the biggest single employer this country had ever dreamed of. This was going to cost us a pretty penny. We realized that. Work relief is bound to cost more



P.W.A.

than straight relief. But we would have something to show for it later. There would be new bridges and new sewers, new playgrounds and new hospitals. And there would still be the old, independent spirit, the tradition we value so much among our people.

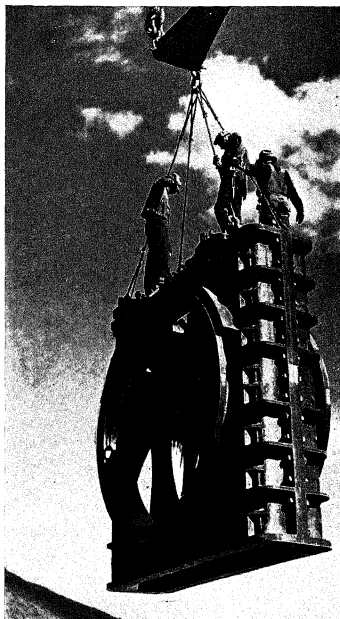
Two fundamental agencies were set up in Washington—or rather they grew after some experimentation—around which this program was built. The Public Works Administration handles the construction of federal projects such as dams and partially finances municipal and county and state construction projects. The work is done by private contractors, subject to approval by P.W.A. experts. At the present writing P.W.A. has projects in all but three of the 3,071 United States counties.

The Works Progress Administration, W.P.A. for short, has become almost symbolic of our era. Like P.W.A. it has concentrated on construction, with repair and renovation added; but there is hardly a field of life from kindergarten to schools for the aged blind which it has not invaded. It differs from P.W.A., in that it is first of all intended to give work.

Lately both P.W.A. and W.P.A. have been consolidated, together with several other bureaus into one permanent Federal Works agency.

Almost all W.P.A. labor is relief labor. The number of non-relief workers is rigidly kept down. When you consider the main purpose of this agency, it is easy to understand that construction costs or operating costs are likely to be high compared with private industry.

In P.W.A. and W.P.A. the federal government has spread itself across the states from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is now no longer any place in the country, no matter how far away it may be in miles, which remains completely remote from Washington.



P.W.A.

30,000 miles of streets:
10 times across the U. S.
7,500 miles of sidewalk,
6,500 miles of curb:
Space for 1,300,000 cars.



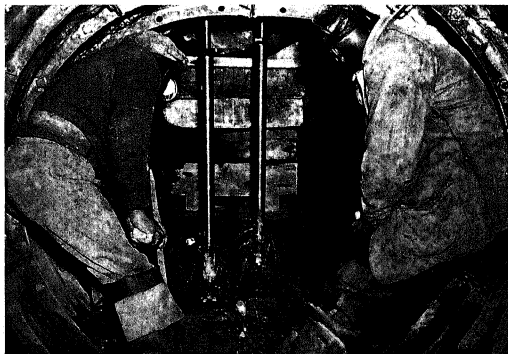
W.P.A.

280,000 miles of road:
11 times around the Earth.
245,000 of them rural,
from farm to market,
to merchant, doctor, bank.



W.P.A.

9,000 miles of sewer,
237,000 man-holes,
and in the country,
where sewers would be odd,
1,140,000 sanitary
privies.



W.P.A.



W.P.A.

29,000 bridges:

1,000,000 feet long.

Reservoirs, tanks, cisterns
to hold

716,500,000 gallons.

1,500,000 feet of runway
on 150 air-ports.



W.P.A.

17,000 new public buildings,

46,000 repaired.

Courthouses, fire houses,
armories, hangars, pens;
bus stations, monuments.



W.P.A.

2,300 schools,

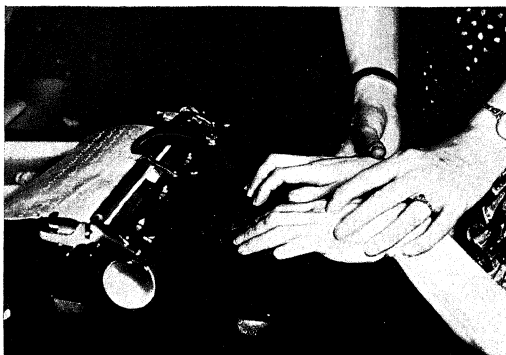
22,000 repaired.

Stadiums, gymnasiums,
grandstands, auditoriums,
swimming pools, wading pools,
skating rinks, ski jumps.

1,000 new parks,

over 4,000 improved.

Aids in learning
to those handicapped
by poverty or disability.
240,000,000 school lunches.
Vocational classes,
the 3 R's for young and old.
Libraries on wheels,
in busses, on horse-back.



W.P.A.

101 new hospitals,
6,000,000 patients examined,
4,700,000 nursing visits.
Medical and dental clinics;
9,000 miles of ditch,
1,500,000 gallons of spray,
to kill mosquitoes,
stop malaria.



W.P.A.

The program of the N.Y.A.
to keep U. S. youngsters
from street-corner-gangs:
Trains in useful crafts,
provides jobs to pay
for school books, living;
part of tuition, for
500,000 boys and girls.



N.Y.A.



W.P.A.

Subsidy to the arts:
the whole U. S.
sits for its portrait,
to 3,000 writers
in a series of guide-books.
Historical surveys
of cities, counties, ships,
churches, museums.



W.P.A.

4,000 artists produce
95,000 murals, mosaics,
sculptures, oils, prints,
water colors:
500 dioramas,
7,000 lantern slides
for visual education;
250,000 photographs.



W.P.A.

The stage revitalized:
1,500 productions,
in 40 cities, 22 states;
monthly audience, 1,000,000.



Helen Post Photos

INDIANS— A REVERSAL OF POLICY

By superior force and armaments we herded the only 100% Americans into the concentration camps of so-called reservations. Our treaties were worthless. Our land-grants were lies. Our administration amounted to slow, legal lynching: it starved Indian institutions, Indian culture, the Indian's spirit and his body.

The new policy is an attempt at restitution. Its aims: self-government through tribal council; return of the remaining Indian land to the clan, the only property owning unit the Indian understands; re-purchase of land; useful projects instead of morale-shattering cash relief; encouragement of Indian culture through Indian schools and agencies which previously had done their best to kill it.

This is investment. It doesn't pay to have a quarter million of our people hopelessly deteriorating.



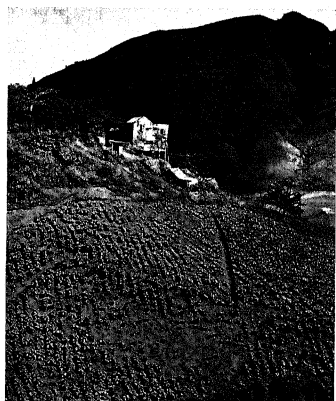
Helen Post Photos

POSSESSIONS— THE GROWTH OF A POLICY

We own three major territories outside the continental U.S.A.—Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and Alaska. The inhabitants of these three places are citizens, subject to military service, Congressional legislation and taxation. They are represented in Washington only by non-voting resident commissioners.

Puerto Rico is a case in point. With no native industry, most of the land in sugar and owned in New York, its 1,800,000 people must import 80% of what they eat, 100% of what they wear on an average annual income of a little over \$100, for families of five.

Recently, attempting to correct these evils, the Department of Interior has begun to establish farm projects with sugar, tobacco, and subsistence co-operatives, with rational agriculture and hurricane-proof houses.





Rothstein from F.S.A.

NEW HOMES FOR OLD

Decent houses for the average city man—what a job for a public works program! There's not a city in the country can say it solved the problem; and our building industry is in the dumps.

Washington has taken a variety of cracks at this toughest of nuts. First the R.F.C. loaned money to private corporations. This only produced more apartment houses for middle class people. P.W.A. tried next. They built some 20,000 family units; but their rents still were too high. The Home Owners Loan Corporation tried to save homes threatened with foreclosures; the Federal Housing Administration helped bring capital into private housing.

The present program provides for the building of housing projects by local communities through private contractors. The U. S. Housing Authority loans money to the municipalities to build, and subsidizes a portion of the repayment. Municipal and private investment form part of the financing.

Rents have come down. 180,000 family dwellings are projected, may soon be doubled. No one with an income more than five times the rent need apply for tenancy.



U.S.H.A.



U.S.H.A.



Rollstein from F.S.A.

WAR ON THE SHACK

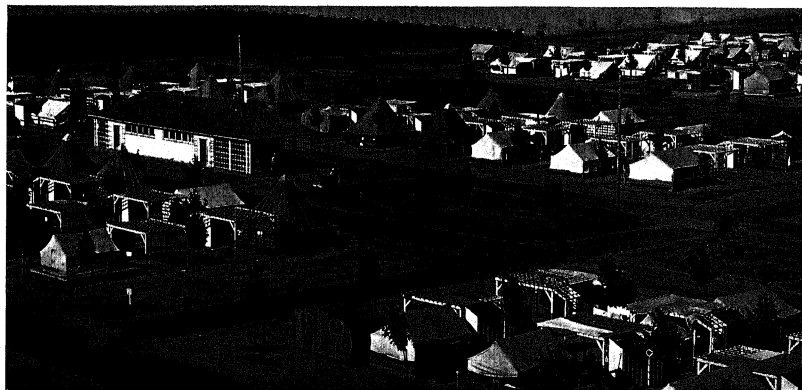
Statistics show that one-third of our rural people live in houses unfit for living. Their problem is more than a housing problem. It could not be attacked as it was in the cities.

A lot of things have been tried to help the farmer to comparative comfort. The Resettlement Administration tried building farm communities around industries. A luxurious and idealistic dream, the program which created these projects had to be abandoned because of their expense and because of their basic conflict with our whole set-up.

Subsistence farmsteads were tried but proved to be no more than a fixation of the standard of living at a low point. The most successful so far has been the program of the Farm Security Administration which lends money to farmers for improvements, live-stock, tools, sometimes whole new farms. In California this administration has established a series of migrant camps to serve as models to the agricultural corporations which employ a quarter million of the worst housed, worst paid labor in the country.



Vachon from F.S.A.



Lange from F.S.A.

LABOR

Until a few years ago the Department of Labor was mainly an information service. It was divided into such sections as the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Children's Bureau, the Women's Bureau and the Division of Labor Standards. The Department collected data, tons of them, and submitted them with its recommendations to Congress. Only one branch of it had teeth: its Immigration and Naturalization Service stood guard at the valves which regulate the inflow of labor from foreign countries. Its only function backed up by penalties was to supply U. S. business with a variable labor market. Then the N.R.A. came and failed. Things changed.

1935 made labor history. The Wagner Labor Relations Act, guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining and setting up an independent agency to implement this right, handed the working man a tool with which he could jack up his own standard of living. The approval of this Act by the Supreme Court was a complete reversal of precedent. Since our early history the courts again and again found labor unions illegal as "conspiracies to raise wages," without restricting the growth of employer unions—Chambers of Commerce,



Lange from F.S.A.

Manufacturers Associations, etc. There was a reason for the sudden turn-about-face, the same reason which gave birth to P.W.A., W.P.A., and A.A.A.: our national need for increased national buying power.

Because of the peculiar situation in the American labor movement, with its fundamental split between two types of organization—according to crafts or according to industries—the power of the National Labor Relations Board is far from settled. Quite naturally businessmen utilize this labor-weakness to pull the teeth out of federal regulation. No one knows what will be the out-come.

More recently the Wage and Hour Division was set up in the Labor Department under legislation which laid down minimum wage and maximum hour standards for industries engaged in interstate commerce. This law is intended to provide for increased employment and a higher average wage level. It is weakened by extensive exceptions covering large groups such as agricultural, service, and retail workers who form some of our deepest reservoirs of under-privilege.



DEPARTMENT OF LABOR, WASHINGTON



SOCIAL SECURITY

While we were building the country of opportunity we gave little thought to security. Our industry became a young man's chance; middle age was the danger ground for those who earned too little to insure themselves against accident, ill health and death; old age began early with us—our ravenous pace used up men as it used up machinery. Age, the time which might be given over to earned rest and contemplation, became a dim land of fear, a period of dependence on grudging relatives or state institutions.

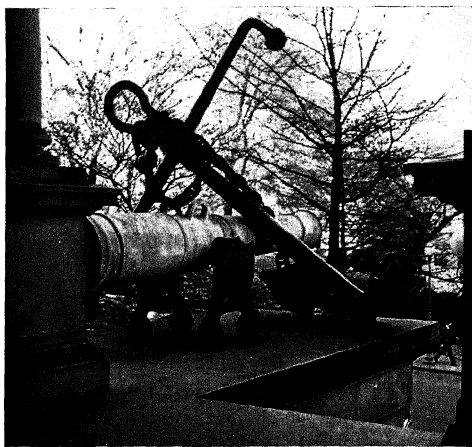
No program with claims to social reform can ignore such conditions. The Social Security Act of August 14, 1935 is the federal government's answer to their challenge. Providing for the accumulation of a fund through monthly payments of employers and employees; it will give old age pensions to those over 65 and do something toward job insurance and the insurance of dependent children left without support.

The Act is administered from Washington by the Social Security Board. The enormous mechanics of it, the filing, checking of applications, etc., function in Baltimore.



Rothstein from U. S. Social Security Board

ONE OF THE BANKS OF FILES WHERE THE 42,500,000 APPLICATIONS
ARE KEPT



FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

The State Department is the grandma of the government. She's a bright old lady, considering her strenuous life since 1789 when she was born. No one could call her consistent—she often changes her ideas; but she has one credo from which nothing can budge her—the Monroe Doctrine. She's a stickler for manners.

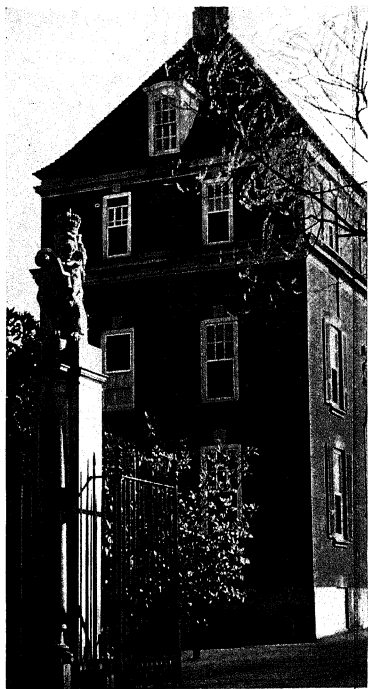
She has a past, and what a past! Even now—shame at her age—she is besieged by suitors. An expert in the art of throwing back bouquets, she has had anything but a stable love-life: the history of her solemn weddings and abrupt divorces is the one thing about her which seems entirely modern. But she has no sense of humor at all.

She lives at 17th and Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., in a grim old mansion dating from 1875. Army and Navy, her younger brothers, still keep a bedroom each somewhere along the two miles of corridor; but they have moved most of their furniture to bachelor quarters in other parts of the city.

Somewhere off the gloomy halls you will also find her social rooms. They bear such formal names as Division of European Affairs, Division of Far Eastern Affairs, Division of American Republics, Division of International Conferences, Treaty Division, Division of Trade Agreements, Passport Division and Visa Division. The Division of Protocol has a special and prominent place: it decides who is to enter a room first at diplomatic receptions, who is to sit next to whom at official dinners, how who is to be addressed, and how who is to be bowed to or curtsied to.



COLUMNS, CORNICES AND CORKED CANNON
THE STATE, WAR AND NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON



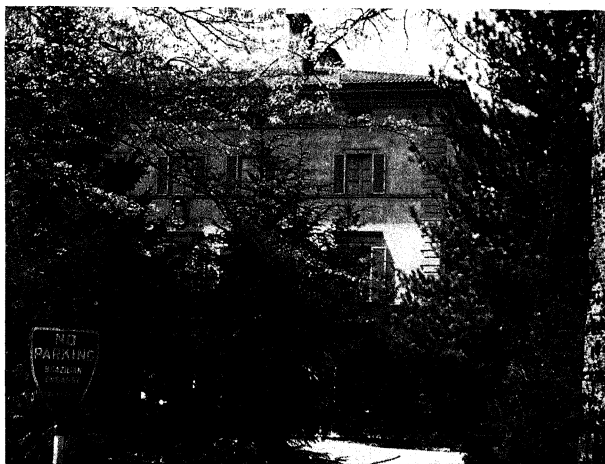
BRITISH EMBASSY



SOVIET EMBASSY



JAPANESE EMBASSY



BRAZILIAN EMBASSY



CZECHOSLOVAKIAN EMBASSY



ITALIAN EMBASSY



European

Under the existing structure of laws the conduct of our foreign relations is in the hands of the President. The Secretary of State is his adviser. The State Department is his instrument. However, when the pursuit of current policy requires the enactment of new regulations—such as the neutrality bill, for instance—the chief executive must have the cooperation of Congress.

He is far from a free agent. Not only must he keep in mind the platform of his party, but he cannot act, in the long run, without the support of the country and the foreign affairs committees of the House and Senate. He can make speeches. He can indicate directions and stimulate popular sentiment, but unless there is a positive response from the people and from Congress his talks are but empty gestures. He cannot declare war. He cannot arbitrarily declare embargoes. His most effective weapon is his power to raise the tariff on imports from countries which discriminate against American commerce.

The present-day international chaos makes the maintenance of satisfactory relations with foreign countries seem unusually difficult; but every age has had its emergencies and its conflicts, and the maximum protection of our interests with a minimum of friction has always been a tricky job of tight-rope walking. The machinery at our disposal is a far-flung net of embassies and legations, consulates-general, consulates and vice-consulates in 255 cities of 56 foreign countries. These agencies are staffed with employees of the Foreign Service and headed by Presidential appointees, approved by Congress. Ministers plenipotentiary can be anything, from businessmen who did their bit in the election campaign, to career diplomats.

It is the task of ambassadors to represent the United States, to keep at least the appearances of cordial relations in a field where cordiality plays no part; to protect our financial and commercial interests abroad and to protect and aid our travelling citizenry. They must

be masters of the platitude and must be able to pronounce their ponderous phrases with fitting pompousness at never ending strings of banquets. They must have a strong digestion.

The real business of diplomacy is transacted across the desks of military and commercial attaches, and transported in diplomatic codes and diplomatic pouches.

Embassies and consulates are only feelers stretched out from Washington, with no power of decision of their own on anything but routine. The outlines of our policy are determined at home.

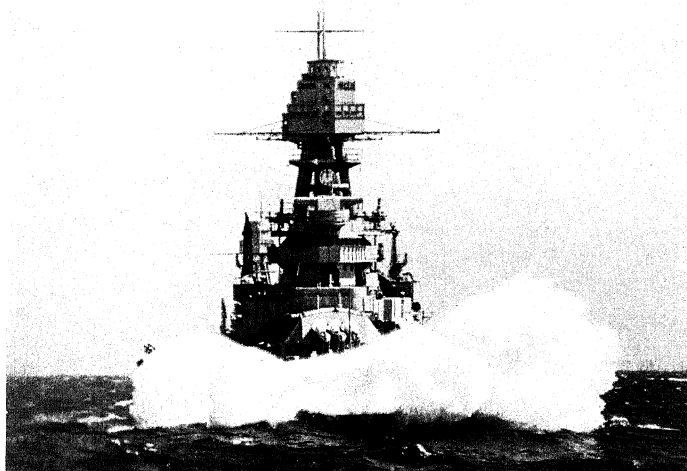
Our present role is distinctly virtuous in an international poker game, where the guns are on the table and every second bet is a bluff. We have conveniently forgotten those times when—as in the Spanish-American War, the Cuban intervention, the affair of the Panama Canal Zone and of Nicaragua—we were not so particular about the sanctity of treaties. Perhaps we are regenerated. Maybe we have learned that it doesn't pay us to be known through South America as "Yanqui imperialists."

Certainly our considerable weight in the balance of peace against war is helping to delay the moment when international bedlam will again break loose. Our Good Neighbor policy toward the South American republics is helping to clear our name and to uphold the Monroe Doctrine in the commercial as well as the diplomatic field. Our system of trade treaties is helping our exports.

Traditionally we have always been against "entangling alliances." But we are not living alone. If we tried to exist for one month entirely without foreign trade, we would have a depression that would make the last one seem like prosperity. We are forced to take sides, tacitly if not officially, in a world of totalitarian aggressors with fast navies, faster airplanes and no scruples.



European

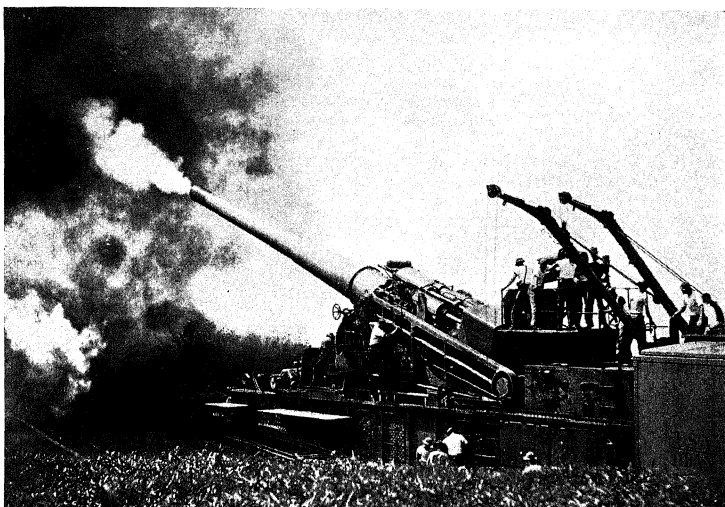


U. S. Navy

INSURANCE

Ever since the last war, as a business nation, we have favored limited armaments. We didn't want to waste our substance on machinery productive only of destruction. International disarmament efforts flopped more and more as international economies came to depend more and more on war industries as a solution of the unemployment problem, as certain nations insisted more and more upon force as an instrument of policy; and as agreement became more and more impossible on armament ratios. By now everybody's on his own. The race is on.

The founding fathers well recognized the threat to a democracy of too much power in military hands. Soldiers are traditionally impatient with the slowness of the democratic process, congenitally partial to discipline rather than the free play of opinion. Accordingly the armed forces of the United States are placed strictly under civil authority. The President is the commander-in-chief. The Secretaries of War and Navy are civilians. Congress holds the power of appropriations, appointments, to declare war or to make peace. We have never had peace-time conscription. Our army is a small nucleus which, with the addition of the National Guard, can serve as a defensive force until the man-power of the nation itself can be trained and brought into action.



U. S. Army Signal Corps

With the whole world building ships as fast as they can be launched and with growing dangers on the far sides of both oceans, we are forced to build a navy equal to the protection of both coasts. The Panama Canal is the most vulnerable link in our chain of defense. We cannot afford to get caught in an emergency with our navy bottled in the wrong sea. Our present naval appropriations are the largest since the War years.

Our peace-time army is not only small, but much of its equipment is obsolete. With the dictatorships busy in South America it is wise at least to make what little army we have as efficient as it can be.

Our air force is being built up. Any threat against us must rely to a large extent upon attack from the air. Both army and navy are expanding their aerial strength.

Neither army nor navy have permanent buildings of their own in Washington. Most of the planning of our armed services goes on in temporary buildings left over from the World War. But this lack of impressive architecture in no way reflects the influence of these two departments in the councils of Washington. Munitions, ship-building, steel, oil, and coal lobbies give these two sections of the government potent support in the halls of Congress. Note: the most economy-minded Senators and Representatives who will vote down relief bills by the dozen, invariably plunk with enthusiasm for army and navy appropriations.

PENCILS AND PAYROLLS

Congress is our banker, it alone has the federal power to tax and the power to appropriate. The Treasury is our cashier. Every requisition, from sixteen cents for envelopes to millions of dollars for a new dam, has to be authorized.

The Comptroller's office is our certified public accountant. It is also our financial watchdog. Those same pennies for envelopes and those same millions for dams, having been authorized by the Treasury, must still be O.K.'ed by the Comptroller. It's his job to see that no money is spent except within the strict definitions of the law.

Here in Washington is the control point of a whole nation's effort to keep itself running, to make itself run better. Forty-eight states come together here, hundreds of embassies and consulates report back here, thousands of cities send in their applications for new housing projects, sewers, schools and postoffices to this one point, hundreds of thousands of checks go out from here to farmers all over the nation, millions of persons are employed from here, and billions are spent—not in simple totals but in small circumscribed amounts that are tagged and restricted and separately approved.

Pink papers, green papers, white papers, in duplicate, triplicate, quadruplicate, flow in over the countryside from hamlets, townlets, cities, from departments, from bureaus, from offices, from individuals, projects and regiments—flow through the two narrow Treasury doors and spread out thereafter, channelled over desks, on to typewriters and finally into files. This flood never stops. It never slows up. It's always rushing, and it can never be caught up with, no matter how many people we hire.

And now imagine a man who sits on top of this flood in a rocking little boat and tries to steer a course. He's the Secretary of the Treasury. His is the most thankless job in the government. Who ever loved a bill collector? His is a life of headaches. When he stops worrying about monetary policy, it's only to start on fiscal policy. He must keep his eyes open for new revenues—so that he can recommend them to Congress—and he's got to collect the current ones—so that he can pay your bills.

His department issues our government bonds. More and more he is becoming the small man's investment broker. For a long time now private business has been unable to absorb the savings of the nation. The opportunities of investment—if you don't want to gamble in stocks—are being reduced from year to year. What better thing can a man invest in than the productive enterprise of his own nation, secured by the whole wealth of that nation, by its national income, by its national resources, and by its national good will?

We used to think of the government as a national policeman. We are beginning to learn to think of it as our business—not a business in the sense that it competes with private initiative, but as a colossal push by the people itself to improve the country and to build the country. We reached our physical frontiers when we settled the Pacific coast. Now we are using our government to find new frontiers for our energy within our territorial limits. There are things to do. America needs rehousing—we are building new houses. America needs better highways—we are constructing them. America needs power dams—we make them. America must control its floods and its erosion—we are working to stop both. America needs employment—we are straining to provide it.

Government spending is not money lost. It is money invested. Cash is not wealth. When it lies fallow it is poverty. The national debt is not only an obligation: it is an investment in a newer and better country.

From Washington this unprecedented drive spreads out. The Capital is the nerve center of a nation determined to work its way and construct its way out of chaos. Often the methods may be indirect, the approach devious, as it cannot help but be: the problem is too vast for a simple solution.



THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, WASHINGTON

THE TECHNICAL SIDE

In a book such as this, which depends so largely on pictures from outside agencies, there is little to be said about technical matters. We have made a point of giving picture credit on the picture rather than in some index at the back of the book because, as photographers, we know only too well how much a by-line means in a traditionally anonymous profession. Wherever possible we have ascertained the name of the photographer, but many government bureaus, as a matter of policy, prefer to give out nothing more than their departmental by-line.

Only those pictures which carry no credit line are our own, and only of them can we speak in a discussion of technique.

All our pictures were made with small cameras—nothing larger than $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. They were developed and enlarged in our hotel bathroom. The films used were Eastman Panatomic X and Eastman Super XX. Our flash-gun was a Mendelsohn Universal, synchronized, with a twenty-five foot extension providing for two bulbs simultaneously.

We are not going to name the rest of our equipment. It is all German equipment, and we refuse to do anything further in providing publicity for German goods which could be easily manufactured in the United States. We are sorry to say that at the present moment there is no camera made in this country which suits our purpose as well as these imported cameras. Why isn't there an American camera for us?

The U S has the plants. The U S has the engineers. The U S has the optical knowledge. The U S has everything but the product.

The recent imposition of an almost prohibitive duty on German imports can be the opportunity of

our photographic manufacturers. Here is their chance to catch up on the big lead Zeiss and Leitz have gained. There are already good American press cameras. There is a whole slew of inexpensive machines for the snap-shooter. But, as this is written, there is actually nothing on the market capable of serious competition with the equipment from abroad for the serious amateur or the professional who demands more than a press camera.

If some American firm will put out a camera designed for this field, it can be assured of a large sale. Here are specifications for such a camera: negative size, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, three interchangeable lenses, wide angle, medium focal length, and telephoto, on standard lens mounts automatically coupled with a built-in range finder, variable view finder with parallax adjustment, automatic stop and automatic counter, built in photoflash synchronizer.

Recently a camera appeared on the market which had some of these features. However, lacking as it is in the rest, it does not fill our needs, nor those of such amateurs and professionals as we have consulted. We need a flexible instrument. Without the range finder coupled to at least three lenses, and without a view finder which circumscribes all of the lens fields, it cannot serve us. Besides, we cannot buy American lenses which would fit our specifications.

It isn't as though there weren't any decent American lenses. The Kodak F 3.5 is as good as any Tessar. But where can we buy an F 2 or at least a ≈ 8 Anastigmat which will cover $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches and is made in this country? What are we going to do about our wide angle and our telephoto? And how are we going to couple what we can get with our range finder and our view finder?

The camera for us could be built with no more than the most basic features as standard equipment. All the rest could be added by the purchaser as he goes along. This would keep the initial price down and give the camera wider circulation.

Of course, we realize what an investment we are demanding of our camera manufacturers. We have an idea what dies cost and we also have heard of the

old bellyache about the high price of American labor. We further realize that the American public has been conditioned to think of Zeiss as a divinity. To beat this prejudice will be a tremendous promotion job.

But since when has our industry so lost its initiative that it will refuse a good gamble because of a few obstacles?

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